YANK
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By and for men in the servic

Army of the United States

Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

YANK

Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at Washington, D.C.

Date 31 December 1945

Dwight D. Eisenhower
CHIEF OF STAFF

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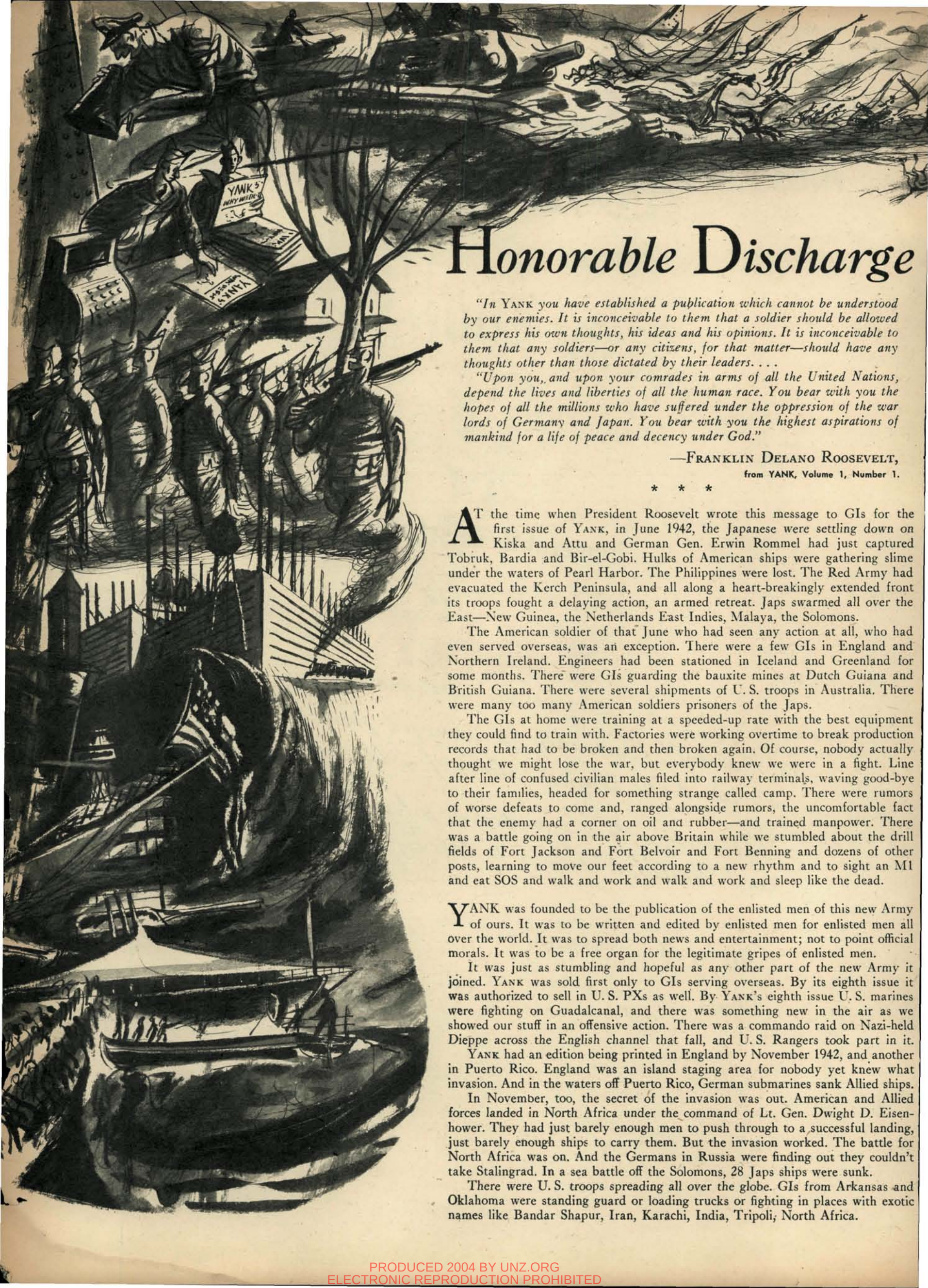

Honorable Discharge

"In YANK *you have established a publication which cannot be understood by our enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldiers—or any citizens, for that matter—should have any thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders. . . .*

"Upon you, and upon your comrades in arms of all the United Nations, depend the lives and liberties of all the human race. You bear with you the hopes of all the millions who have suffered under the oppression of the war lords of Germany and Japan. You bear with you the highest aspirations of mankind for a life of peace and decency under God."

—FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT,
from YANK, Volume 1, Number 1.

* * *

AT the time when President Roosevelt wrote this message to GIs for the first issue of YANK, in June 1942, the Japanese were settling down on Kiska and Attu and German Gen. Erwin Rommel had just captured Tobruk, Bardia and Bir-el-Gobi. Hulks of American ships were gathering slime under the waters of Pearl Harbor. The Philippines were lost. The Red Army had evacuated the Kerch Peninsula, and all along a heart-breakingly extended front its troops fought a delaying action, an armed retreat. Japs swarmed all over the East—New Guinea, the Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, the Solomons.

The American soldier of that June who had seen any action at all, who had even served overseas, was an exception. There were a few GIs in England and Northern Ireland. Engineers had been stationed in Iceland and Greenland for some months. There were GIs guarding the bauxite mines at Dutch Guiana and British Guiana. There were several shipments of U. S. troops in Australia. There were many too many American soldiers prisoners of the Japs.

The GIs at home were training at a speeded-up rate with the best equipment they could find to train with. Factories were working overtime to break production records that had to be broken and then broken again. Of course, nobody actually thought we might lose the war, but everybody knew we were in a fight. Line after line of confused civilian males filed into railway terminals, waving good-bye to their families, headed for something strange called camp. There were rumors of worse defeats to come and, ranged alongside rumors, the uncomfortable fact that the enemy had a corner on oil and rubber—and trained manpower. There was a battle going on in the air above Britain while we stumbled about the drill fields of Fort Jackson and Fort Belvoir and Fort Benning and dozens of other posts, learning to move our feet according to a new rhythm and to sight an M1 and eat SOS and walk and work and walk and work and sleep like the dead.

YANK was founded to be the publication of the enlisted men of this new Army of ours. It was to be written and edited by enlisted men for enlisted men all over the world. It was to spread both news and entertainment; not to point official morals. It was to be a free organ for the legitimate gripes of enlisted men.

It was just as stumbling and hopeful as any other part of the new Army it joined. YANK was sold first only to GIs serving overseas. By its eighth issue it was authorized to sell in U. S. PXs as well. By YANK's eighth issue U. S. marines were fighting on Guadalcanal, and there was something new in the air as we showed our stuff in an offensive action. There was a commando raid on Nazi-held Dieppe across the English channel that fall, and U. S. Rangers took part in it.

YANK had an edition being printed in England by November 1942, and another in Puerto Rico. England was an island staging area for nobody yet knew what invasion. And in the waters off Puerto Rico, German submarines sank Allied ships.

In November, too, the secret of the invasion was out. American and Allied forces landed in North Africa under the command of Lt. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. They had just barely enough men to push through to a successful landing, just barely enough ships to carry them. But the invasion worked. The battle for North Africa was on. And the Germans in Russia were finding out they couldn't take Stalingrad. In a sea battle off the Solomons, 28 Japs ships were sunk.

There were U. S. troops spreading all over the globe. GIs from Arkansas and Oklahoma were standing guard or loading trucks or fighting in places with exotic names like Bandar Shapur, Iran, Karachi, India, Tripoli, North Africa.

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The war was still see-sawing. In Burma we hadn't recovered from the "one hell of a beating" Gen. Joseph Stilwell had taken in the early summer. The Germans still had France, even if the British were chasing them out of Egypt, and the Japs still had so much of the Pacific that our gains hardly showed up on the map. But we knew now, surely, and by actual sampling, what we had never doubted —that we could lick the enemy on their own grounds.

In the summer of 1943, six new overseas editions of YANK were started—in Hawaii, in Trinidad, in Egypt, in India, in Australia and in Iran. That fall another was added in Panama.

WE could look at the war with a growing impatience, a heightened sense of progress, instead of with the dogged resolution we had had to live on in those first long months. We had sewed up North Africa and had taken Sicily. We had landed in Italy, kept our toe-hold and moved successfully north, until the Italian Government, in defiance of a fleeing Mussolini, sued for peace. We had taken back Kiska and Attu from the Japs. We were pushing back other Japs the hard way in New Guinea and on Bougainville and in New Britain, and our airmen were pounding Jap supply lines in China.

The year 1944 opened slowly as a war year. There were gains in the Pacific in January on Kwajalein and Majuro. In Italy, GIs landed at Anzio beachhead to lie there week after week, holding a strip of shore under enemy fire. There was another Pacific landing on Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshalls, and Sgt. John Bushemi, YANK photographer, was killed there.

YANK's tenth overseas edition was printed in Italy in March. The war in Italy was still slow. Allied forces to the south finally connected with the orphans of Anzio in May, and the front moved north in June and July. The Pacific war was still a war of strange names and infrequent headlines which didn't mean much except to the men who earned them. In June we landed on Saipan in the Marianas.

And in June the big jump came, the invasion of Europe from across the channel. There were landings in Normandy, and Easy Red Beach and Omaha Beach were added to the war names Americans will always remember. Sgt. Pete Paris, YANK photographer and artist, was killed on D-Day.

That invasion took, too. It pushed from Cherbourg to Caen to Le Mans, and in August another invasion hit France in the south, launched from Italy, landing between Marseille and Cannes. It pushed to Belfort and met the Normandy invaders in the middle. In the Pacific there were landings on Peleliu and Morotai, Angaur and Ulithi Atoll. It was more and more our winning war.

YANK was printing in Paris by September and in Strasbourg by November. The Allies were sweeping through France like the happy ending of a movie. In Italy we had passed and taken Florence.

The Philippines were the hardest, biggest loss of 1942, and in October 1944 we invaded Leyte to begin to win them back. We landed and stayed.

In the China-Burma theater we took Bhamo and lost Kweiling. From the Marianas, raiding B-29s struck Tokyo. The Red Army steam roller, which started its first big push back in June, had never stopped and was now in East Prussia.

At the end of 1944 there was a cornered-rat lunge from the German forces in the Ardennes sector and, caught off-balance, we were knocked groggy. But we hit back. We had regained our losses by the end of January and, in the Pacific, we had wiped up both Leyte and Samar and were striking at Luzon.

We didn't move backwards again for the rest of the war. We crossed the Rhine and pushed on until we met the Red Army at the Elbe and Germany was licked. YANK correspondent Cpl. Bob Krell was killed in the airborne Rhine crossing.

The Philippines were contested all the way, but we took them, and marines on Iwo Jima and marines and GIs on Okinawa carved two more names on our military roll of honor. B-29s pounded hell out of the Jap mainland, and the atomic bomb and the entry of Russia into the Jap war hastened an end already certain.

The Germans surrendered unconditionally on May 7 at Reims. The Japs surrendered on August 14 aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay.

YANK's last four overseas printings were set up on Saipan in February, in Manila in July, on Okinawa in August and in Tokyo in September—the last one just in time to serve incoming occupation troops.

* * *

THE fighting part is over now and we are winners. If you ever begin to wonder about what we were fighting for, look back to those words of President Roosevelt's at the beginning of this editorial. Read them and try to remember everything that Jap and German domination meant that made us fight it.

We fought it starting from damn near scratch and we beat it. YANK is proud to have been part of the Army that beat it.

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Boston is always Boston.

INVENTORY

By Sgt. ROBERT BENDINER
YANK Staff Writer

For close to four years Americans longed for peace, dreamed of peace and tried to imagine what life would be like "when the lights went on again all over the world." Those lights have been on for four months now, and it is possible to piece together a kind of jigsaw picture of a country that has stopped fighting but is only gradually groping its way back to peace.

Millions of men are spending their first Christmas season at home in years, and for them this alone is peace, this is the real thing. But Christmas doesn't last, and the returned GI, looking about him objectively, soon sees that the United States in the fading days of 1945 is not yet the peacetime nation that haunted his dreams on Christmases past as he stared up at the raw boards of a barracks ceiling or sat crouched in a soggy mudhole. Civilians in uniform are still scattered around the globe, still drilling, still pulling details, still sweating out chow lines. No peace treaty has been framed, much less signed. And in the country at large, factories that four months ago stopped grinding out the tools of death have only begun to turn out the comforts of life, those gaudy comforts which the advertising pages of magazines taught us to expect in technicolor, in abundance and at prices that all could afford.

A quick picture of the U.S.A. in these dawn hours between war and peace is bound to be blurred. Any snapshot of a fast-moving object is likely to be on the hazy side, and the country today is moving as fast as it ever has in all its history. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are streaming out of separation centers, some bent on sliding as quickly as possible into their pre-war grooves, but a surprising number determined to avoid the old grooves and strike out on new courses not yet mapped in their own minds. Trains are jammed, ships are jammed, planes are jammed. The streets of American cities are crowded with men in uniform—on returnee furloughs, enroute to reassignment centers or already in that state of freedom indicated by a gold-eagle patch above the right pocket.

In the civilian population, millions, left jobless when the giant war-production machinery screeched to a stop on VJ-Day, have added the uncertainty of their plans to the national restlessness. Thousands of them are women who are withdrawing from the labor market to return to housekeeping—if they can find a house. Thousands are youngsters who may be induced to return to school, but who may just as well choose to compete for jobs. And hundreds of thousands are men who must stand by and wait for factories to exchange the belt-lines that turned out guns, bombers and shells for those that will turn out cars, refrigerators and electric trains.

Sgt. Joe Blank, stepping into the civilian world in the closing weeks of 1945, will not see all this. He will not see any over-all pattern, probably, because he will be intensely and naturally concerned with his own immediate affairs and desires—to know his family again, to see his friends, to buy civilian clothes, to take a vacation, to see about getting a job and perhaps to find new quarters and furnishings for a wife and child nearly frantic with the trials of makeshift housing. But it is just these specific desires and problems, multiplied by ten million, which make up that over-all pattern, and it is therefore reasonable to look at the country through his eyes.

After two or three days of saturating himself with the sight, the sound and the feel of home, Joe decides that he had better go downtown and get himself some clothes. Having gone over the subject repeatedly in barracks bull-sessions, he is prepared for an intensive all-day hunt and prices to stagger the imagination. It is a pleasant surprise to discover that he can dispose of the whole business at any respectable department store in a few hours at a cost well within his mustering-out pay. A reasonably good suit, not noticeably different in style from the one he shed

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at the reception center though inferior in quality, will set him back from $35 to $50. Prices on shirts and shorts are up 50 to 100 percent, but he can figure roughly on an over-all boost of five to 10 percent in clothing prices. And he shouldn't have trouble finding what he wants, provided he doesn't want white shirts or suits of hard-finished worsted. As for styles, he will discover that outside the pages of *Esquire* they have scarcely moved at all beyond a trend in neckwear toward shrieking four-in-hands and long, thin bows, similarly garish.

Having been plunged into the realm of the consumer, Joe checks with his wife, looks at shop windows, and glances at the ads to see how far along the country has come in this "reconversion" that looms so large in the newspaper heads.

Cars, he knows, are far from ready. Government controls have been lifted, but shortages of upholstering fabric, plus strikes, plus the time required to make new dies, have kept the assembly lines down to a painfully slow rate of speed. Nevertheless, the lines are moving, and instead of the 4,000 cars produced throughout the country in August, the December quota is expected to reach 200,000. Like men's suits, motor styles have changed very little. A gadget here and a gadget there are all that distinguish them from the models of 1941, though the air over Detroit is still thick with talk of secret designs for dream cars, and one has been designed without clutches, transmission or even brakes.

Aside from the scarcity of new cars, many other wartime shortages linger on in Joe's new world of peace. He can get metal furniture for that new home he's thinking of, but wooden pieces are either scarce and inferior or prohibitively expensive. And he'll have to wait a while for a new typewriter.

If he can stand up under the battering of a crowd of frenzied women, Joe can probably buy his wife a single pair of nylons, but it will be a long time before he can get her anything in silk. On the other hand, if his wife has long dreamed of an electric refrigerator, a new vacuum cleaner, a pressure cooker or a laundry machine, he will find that stocks in those commodities are slowly creeping back toward prewar levels, though it's still a case of first come, first served. The same goes for a tricycle for Joe jr.

Toasters, irons, mixers and other small appliances are already amply stocked and can be whisked away for the asking—and the paying. So can the "family planes" now available at a leading New York department store for $2,994. Similarly postwar in spirit are the two-way speaking systems now selling for $33. Designed for use in Army tanks, these gadgets will now link up nursery and mother's bedroom, or outside-gate and butler's pantry.

As for food, the United States finds itself in the winter of 1945-46 embarrassingly glutted while half the world hungers. Beef is coming back so rapidly that the Government has warned feeders that it will soon end its subsidy for fattening cattle. Butter is still spotty in distribution, but eggs are plentiful, and milk and other dairy items are approaching all-time production records. Potatoes, too, are reaching surplus proportions, while fish and vegetables, both raw and canned, are plentiful. Still hard to get, comparatively, are pork and lamb; and the sugar shortage, Joe finds, will be a problem for many months to come, since supplies from the Philippines and the South Pacific cannot be counted on much before 1947.

Dropping into a bar for the first time since his return, Joe discovers that he can get almost anything he wants but a good scotch, and if he's lucky he can get even that. Four Roses and Canadian Club are also a bit on the scarce-side, but barring particular brands, he can drink adequately at prices not more than a few cents a shot above the prices he paid before he left.

At the bar the Hot-Stove Leaguers are still mulling over the fantastic Series of two months ago, and the general feeling is that baseball could hardly have survived another wartime season. But things will be different next year. Look who'll be back from the wars: Ted Williams, Enos Slaughter, Pete Reiser, Henrich and Joe DiMaggio among the sluggers; pitchers Beazley, Higbee, Lanier, Feller and others just as good; fielders Joe Gordon, Rizzuto, Reese and Fletcher.

Boxing, Joe hears, has been even more chaotic than baseball. With the best talent in the services, the fight game was reduced to the status of a cash-register racket, mediocre fighters drew huge gates and there were more mismatches than matches. But now the National Boxing Association has drawn up its first postwar list of ratings, and champions have been notified that they must defend their titles. It will be some time next June before ex-Sgt. Louis slugs it out with ex-Cpl. Conn; and light heavyweight Gus Lesnevich and middleweight Tony Zale will also be given time to rest up from the GI life. But the other champs will have to get on their toes. Aside from Conn, future possible contenders for Louis's crown include Bivins, Mauriello and Bettina, names that still mean little to ex-Sgt. Blank.

On his way home, Joe gives the afternoon paper a thorough going-over, and gathers the impression that a country which achieved remarkable unity during the war has already returned to the squabbles and differences that characterize any democratic country in peacetime. Certain keywords keep popping out at him: strikes, atom secret, unemployment, occupation policy, price controls, peacetime army, Big Three and, far from least, demobilization.

Strikes, he learns, have occurred or threatened to occur, in rapid succession ever since VJ-Day—in autos, oil, steel, lumber, movies, coal, shipping. The case for labor, says one commentator, revolves about the cessation of overtime work. Men who during the war drew time-and-a-half for eight, 10 and even 20 hours beyond the normal schedule find themselves back on a straight 40-hour week, with a consequent loss of income in some cases exceeding 50 percent. At the same time, prices on food commodities have mounted, despite the efforts of the OPA. As a result, labor is demanding a 30 percent boost in hourly wage rates and arguing that industry can well afford

U.S.A.

After the years of war, peacetime takes some getting used to, but the nation is slowly swinging into its postwar stride.

They're still planting in Texas.

to pay the difference out of higher production yields caused by technological improvements, to say nothing of wartime profits. But industry, Joe reads elsewhere, maintains just as stoutly that labor's figures are all wrong, that higher wages will mean higher prices, that nobody knows what prices the Government will allow for their finished product and that a 30-percent raise would be unreasonable and inflationary. Compromise increases, short of the asking price, have already been allowed by some industries, and others are expected to follow suit. Meanwhile the strike wave, paralleling that which followed the last war, runs its course.

Unemployment, Joe notes, is mounting throughout the country, as everyone knew it would, but the rate is not nearly so alarming as the more pessimistic prophets foretold. From the welter of speculation on the subject, he concludes that something of a race is on between full demobilization and reconversion. If industry gets into its production stride before the services are emptied out, unemployment should be brief and not forbiddingly extensive. If it doesn't, the period of joblessness may be longer and more acute. But at worst, it is the consensus of economists that there should be nothing like the crash of 1929 or the prolonged era of apple-peddling. They point out that there is too much in available savings, too much demand for goods of all sorts, too much eagerness for peacetime production profits and too many cushions provided by Government that were not present to absorb the shock in 1929. For all that, several papers, following the lead of *PM*

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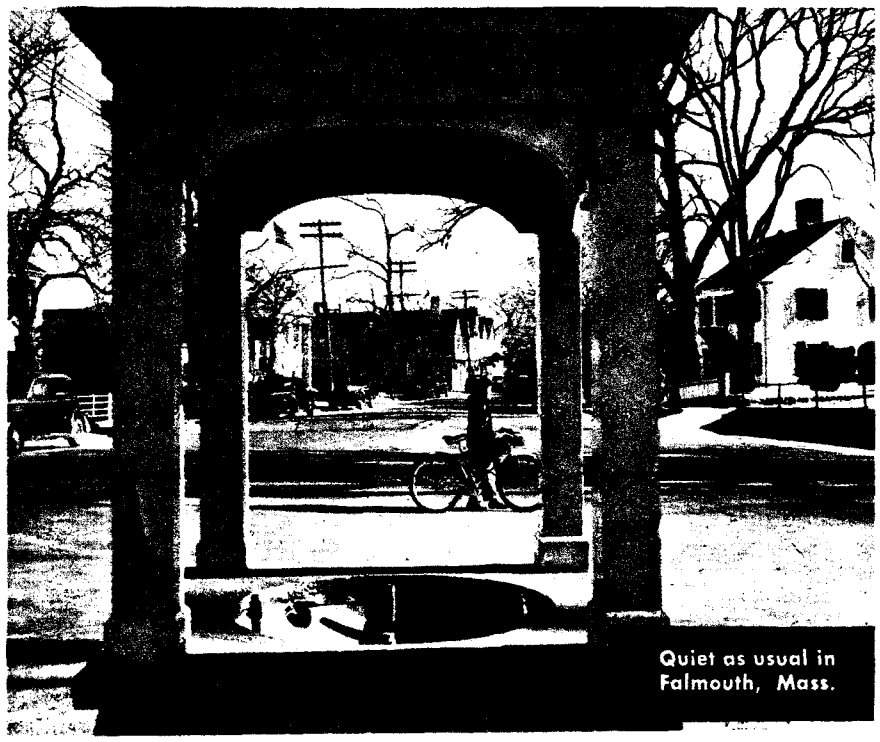

Quiet as usual in Falmouth, Mass.

in New York, are running free job-wanted ads for veterans, and two movie houses in Detroit flash job-hunters' qualifications on the screen.

Joe's eye falls next on one of those round-up feature stories from Washington, headed "Congress Faces Heavy Session." Skimming through, he is jolted into the realization that, aside from labor relations, unemployment and reconversion, Congress is chiefly concerned with matters that smack more of future wars and international tension than of peace and harmony. There is still the painful question of returning to civilian life millions of Joe's comrades-in-arms. Congressmen are still squirming under a mountain of protest mail and are promising to call on the brass for further explanation. They are also involved in plans for reorganizing the armed forces and perhaps unifying them under a single command. The legislators and President Truman are still fearfully considering ways and means of controlling the Frankenstein monster which appeared on the world scene when the first atom was cracked. Should atomic energy, with its terrific potential for good or for evil, be strictly the province of Government—or should private enterprise be permitted to develop it as it developed electricity and other forms of energy? And should the secrets of manufacturing the atomic bomb be shared with the other nations of the world?

Here the delicate question of our relations with the Soviet Union enters into the picture, and Joe cannot fail to notice the numerous indications that the unity of the United Nations has slipped a cog or two since VJ-Day. Throughout the fall there has been talk of *blocs* again, and mutual suspicions. The peace of the world had a bad jolt in October, when the first Council of Foreign Ministers adjourned in an atmosphere of bickering, without having made any headway toward a framework of treaties on which the peace of the world was to rest. Domination by the Big Three is still a sore point with many nations, and conflicting occupation policies reflect strains even within the Big Three. But also there is determination to overcome all obstacles; they must be overcome, because the threat of the tiny atom is too overwhelming to allow for failure. As one wag put it, "Atomic energy is here to stay. The question is, are we?" By the time Joe reaches home he has read enough of the paper to be convinced that the winning of World War II did not make certain a lasting peace; it only gave us a *chance* to push toward that goal—which is something, at that.

LIKE millions of other Americans, Joe is a bit tired. Life has been grim for a good many months, and for the moment he'd rather leave these headaches to Congress and step out for the evening. A cab, he discovers, is still something to be patiently tracked down, but when landed it turns out to be one of those very few glossy jobs beginning to bob up in contrast with the battered hulks that have carried on through four years of wreck-and-ration.

The Gay White Way of Joe's town is lively and crowded. People have money to spend—more than they have had at any one time in years, thanks to a long period in which the things they might have bought couldn't be obtained and thanks, too, to the channeling of savings into the U.S. Treasury by way of war bonds. Now they are glad to spend, and theaters, movies and night clubs are enjoying a boom season.

With his wife and a few friends, Joe sits down to a fairly solid meal in a medium-priced restaurant. He thinks the service is bad because they have to wait 15 minutes before the table is cleared of their predecessors' left-overs. But the other members of the party insist that things have improved vastly. Only four months ago diners considered themselves lucky to escape without a bawling-out from an irate waiter.

The talk turns to houses and apartments. On this score the change-over from war to peace has apparently made a strained situation doubly strained. Demand for housing is greater than ever, but new building hasn't been started. Materials are still scarce, and potential landlords are unwilling to embark on new ventures until the OPA lifts rent ceilings. When that happens, Joe's friends fear, rents will go soaring into the blue and tenants soaring into the red. Hotels, too, and rooming houses are still enjoying (if that's the word for it) a wartime boom. Three actresses, stranded in Boston, were so hard put to it for quarters that they pitched a tent on the Common, enjoying the right of eminent domain until ejected by the police.

Joe gets along well enough on the dance floor on what he remembers of the rhumba, the conga and the samba, and he is introduced to the bamba, recently imported from Mexico. He's a little rusty on the songs of the day, but it doesn't take him long to discover that the practice of "adapting" the classics is going strong. Chopin under other names dominates the Hit Parade.

Two of Joe's old friends are involved in divorce proceedings, so he is not greatly surprised when one of his fellow-diners, just back from Reno, reports that the divorce capital is doing three times the business it enjoyed in 1940. They've had to build an addition to the Washoe County Courthouse to handle the extra traffic, and one Chicago court runs a nursery in the annex. The divorce rate over the entire country is nearly double the pre-Pearl Harbor figure. No wonder marriage figures as the theme in at least two best-sellers—Sinclair Lewis's "Cass Timberlane" and J. P. Marquand's "Repent in Haste."

Parallel with this trend, a new informality and independence are apparent in the public habits of American women. Casual conversation with GIs on trains, cars and buses became an accepted social amenity for American girls during the war, and the habit—simple, friendly and gen-

And Los Angeles is still growing.

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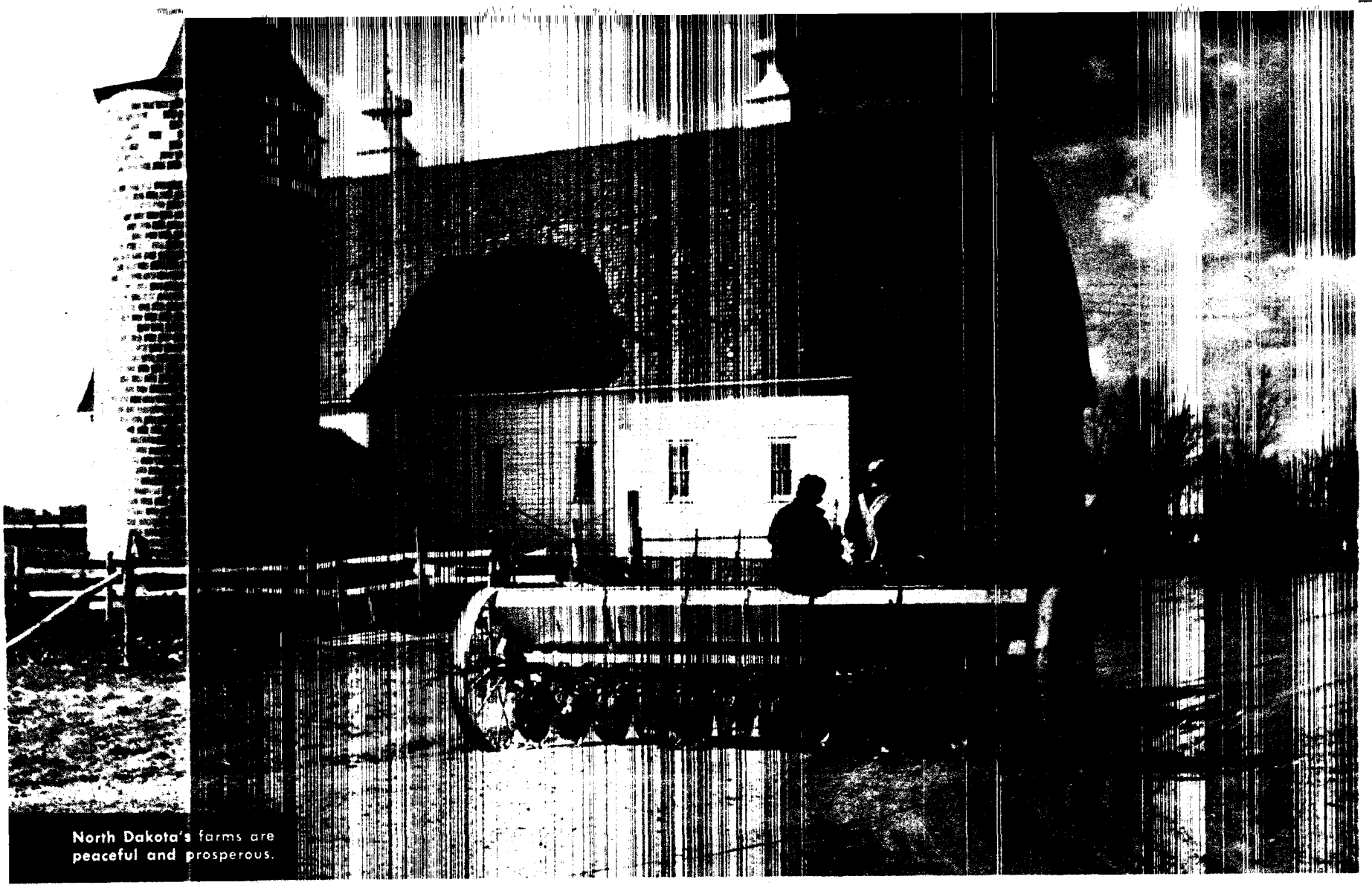

North Dakota's farms are peaceful and prosperous.

erally harmless—appears to have taken root. Moreover, women who in their husbands' absence paid bills, wielded the checkbook and in general took over the duties of head of the house have inevitably become interested in the world of politics. Selective Service, OPA, taxation and demobilization all struck close to home, and it now seems unlikely that women will once more entirely abandon the political field to men.

This new, free-and-easy air affected by American women is definitely not reflected in their clothes. Here the trend is all in the other direction, toward the frilly and the feminine. The reasons are obvious. Men have been scarce, and the struggle for the pick of the returning conquerors is on. What's more, American girls have been reading a good deal about the charms of their foreign sisters, especially the French, and the competitive urge has taken the form of a greatly heightened emphasis on the sexy, the alluring, the feminine. Tailored suits are ruled out, necks are low and formal evening gowns, almost unseen during the war, are back again.

Fashion authorities report a bit of a struggle between one school, favoring the sheath-like dress and the straight figure, and another, and probably winning, school favoring the return of the hour-glass woman. They even say that in the highest circles of fashion the stomacher has been reintroduced to simulate a tiny waist, and the bustle of grandma's day brought back to add expansiveness to the rear echelon. The top-knot is the prevailing rule in hairdress, and the whole temptress motif is exemplified by the name of the most popular shade in nail polish and lipstick: "Fatal Apple."

In the field of early postwar books, Joe finds, there are more important trends than the emphasis on the pitfalls of marriage, already cited. Mass production for GIs has given publishers ideas for far wider circulation of books than they ever figured on before the war. At least four concerns are in the field with inexpensive reprints, and the experience of GI libraries and mobile units is being eagerly studied. One result of the war is that hundreds of thousands of men have picked up the reading habit in the endless hours of waiting which all servicemen have had to endure, and publishers are hoping to stimulate that habit before it dies. Books on war subjects are still selling briskly, particularly picture volumes and those that round up and regroup material treated piecemeal in the hundreds of slim books, on this front and that, which poured out during the conflict. Serious subjects, stimulated by the war, still hold their own on the book-counters alongside the entertainment literature now pouring out for a war-weary nation.

In Joe's new world of transition, the movies, too, are undergoing a reconversion. All sorts of trends are in the air over Hollywood. Picture makers, for one thing, appear to be convinced that the public is fed up not only with war pictures but with anything serious. Production schedules show musicals due for the heaviest boost, most of them of the super-duper variety long forbidden by wartime budgets. Next in line for volume output are historical and period pieces like "Saratoga Trunk" and "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and no end of "life stories," particularly of theatrical luminaries. Third in the order of importance are light comedies, typified by the reunion of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in "Road to Utopia." Escapism is the rule of the day, and themes of social significance appear to be headed for the nearest exit.

Shakeups in Hollywood personnel also are in progress. Tried and true box-office attractions like Robert Montgomery, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda and Clark Gable are back from the war to supplant the collection of aging second-raters who furnished Class-B passion for the duration. Then, too, an increasing number of stars are leaving Hollywood for Broadway. Among those who have already made the shift or are reported about to do so are Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman, Jean Arthur, Kay Francis and Fredric March.

The loss of other bright-lights is threatened by the appearance in Hollywood of J. Arthur Rank, the fabulous British producer. This pious Sunday-school teacher, who can invest $5,000,000 in a single film and hardly miss it, has been plucking American talent and is regarded on the Coast as the first genuine threat to Hollywood's hitherto unchallenged monopoly in the movie world. Rank, who has already bought into several Hollywood studios, has the British film industry in the palm of his hand. Among his products already released or soon to come are "Blithe Spirit," "Colonel Blimp," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh, Shakespeare's "Henry V," and "Mary Magdalen," a five-million-dollar film starring Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten. Britain's emergence as a film center, thanks to Mr. Rank, is probably the biggest movie news in the fading year, and there is much speculation as to how Hollywood will react to the competition.

Joe has been in places where American radio programs didn't penetrate, and he takes a nostalgic sort of pleasure in learning that, despite FM and other technical advances, the air waves vibrate to many of the same voices he heard before he left home. There is none of the tension, of course, that filled the air in those years in which crisis after crisis mounted in hysterical crescendo from Munich to War-in-the-West, to the invasion of Russia, to Pearl Harbor. News commentators, in fact, have gone into a sharp decline, and round-the-world hookups are neither so numerous nor so fraught with destiny. But otherwise the old familiar voices of radio are still going strong. "Duffy's Tavern" is still serving red-hot boners by Archy, Fred Allen makes his weekly tour of Allen's Alley, Charlie McCarthy carries on his eternal feuds with guest stars, and other veteran standbys—Benny, Durante, Burns and Allen—fill their same comfortable niches in the Crossley ratings. Goodman Ace is doing a series for Danny Kaye, and among the new programs is one by Barry Fitzgerald in the role of small-town barber and justice-of-the-peace. Soap operas supposedly lay bare the hearts of simple folk while commercials lay bare their digestive tracts; and the world's best music still comes to Joe by courtesy of the world's best laxatives.

Joe may well be excused if he looks about him with a certain bewilderment. The dreadful problems of the atom bomb, diplomatic unrest abroad and industrial unrest at home all weigh on the spirit of the country. But on sober second thought Joe knows that no one promised him the millenium, and if peace has not brought with it a world of music and rainbows, neither has it produced those calamities that Joe's more cynical friends predicted—runaway inflation, political war, mass starvation in half the world and general hell-raising all around. Paradise may or may not be just around the corner, and the victories of peace may come as hard as the victories of war, but anyone who has seen what Joe has seen knows that in the last analysis "there is nothing to fear but fear."

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By YANK's European Staff

SWEATING IT OUT...

Some occupation deals are good and some are lousy, and the biggest gripe is still chicken.

PARIS—All over Europe the people faced a winter of cold and death, and the GIs left behind to clean up loose ends, to work with Military Government, to route luckier soldiers home, to wait endlessly for their own turn to board a Liberty ship or a transport or a C-47 are an unhappy body of men.

As of now **ENGLAND** is a far cry from the island that was turned into one vast staging area for the invasion of the Continent. About the only unit left organized on a working basis is a longshore outfit engaged in the final work of shipping home some Army equipment and generally policing up the dock area before leaving. Willow Run, which once fed officers on an assembly line schedule in the basement of Grosvenor House, has been long closed, and Grosvenor House itself has returned to being just a hotel. Many of the British girls who married GIs are still awaiting transport home and so are a few soldiers lost in the redeployment shuffle. But a GI who served in England in 1943 or '44 or early '45 wouldn't recognize the place.

Across the channel, **FRANCE** has been returned to the French and almost all the GI offices in Paris have been closed up. A lot of official Army business still passes through the city, but to the average GI stationed on the continent today, Paris is *the* dream place to spend a three-day pass. From every nook and cranny on the continent where Americans are stationed, pulling occupation duty, come the three-day passees, weary and dirty from two- and three-day combination train and truck trips. They are loaded down with pay dirt that has been hard to spend in the small towns of Germany and they are busting to get rid of it.

After a quick shave, shower and shine at one of the many Paris billet hotels, they take off on the town and knock themselves out for a glorious 72 hours.

They soon discover that, although Paris still retains remnants of the city they heard and read wild tales about, it isn't all they thought it was cracked up to be. On the surface, yes. They get out in the middle of the Champs Elysees in front of the Place de la Concorde and gaze down the broad avenue toward the impressive Arc de Triomphe. Paying no heed to the wild-cowboy tactics of French motorists, they take snapshots of each other, legs astride, hands on hips. After half a day of sight seeing at Napoleon's tomb, the Eiffel Tower and the Louvre—where everything from Whistler's "Mother" to Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" is jam-packed into one gallery—they settle down to the run-of-the-mill GI pastime of drinking bad French cognac at a dollar a snort. Eight out of ten head for the notorious Pigalle section of town. Their Paris-wise buddies back in the outfit had tipped them off that there is where they'd get the "best deal." "Pig-alley," as it's come to be called, is the gaudiest, loosest honkey-tonk section on the Continent—maybe the world. It's rather quiet during the day, but when darkness sets in and the streets light up and the street-walkers start walking and hawking, it's what's known on Broadway as "out of this world." The ladies of the evening range from 250 *francs* (plus hotel room) upwards to a corporal's pay, and they are not shy about asking.

The men who enjoy "higher class" entertainment, and who have latched onto a "respectable" date, head for Paris' most famous night spot, the Bal Tabarin, where a bottle of sparkling wine sets them back 18 bucks. The Bal is the closest thing to New York's Latin Quarter or Copacabana. Its *frou-frou* revue, with showgirls who wear nothing but a loin cloth and a great big smile, would make a U. S. mayor scream, stomp and call out his vice squad on the double.

The famous sidewalk cafes along the Champs Elysees are closed for the winter, but the side-street bars, cafes and small night clubs off the Champs now handle the GI sidewalk trade. During the past two months an inkling of what Parisian fashions were like in prewar days has hit the Champs promenade. The women are dragging out their Sunday bests—fineries they had stashed away in moth balls during the occupation. They are wearing these cherished garments again because they know that clothes are gradually coming back to Paris and it won't be long before they will be able to replenish their meager wardrobes. Right now, prices are exorbitant and numbers that can be purchased for 15 or 20 dollars in Stateside department stores sell for ten times that much in Paris. But Parisian styling is still tops, and although the materials are inferior to ours, the way the cloth is put together makes the GI window shoppers say, "Goddam, wish I had enough dough to bring one of those home for the wife."

The average Joe limits his Paris gifts to a bottle of perfume, a scarf, a risque pastel print of a half-clad femme sprawled on a divan. The shopwise soldier stays away from the average main-street shops. He sweats out a line at the GI gift store PXs or at the Chanel shop, where he can purchase a decent-size bottle of the famous stuff for six dollars.

The black market in watches, binoculars, typewriters, fountain pens still rages in the Rain-

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EUROPE

bow Corner section of town near the Madeleine church. When a GI runs out of ready cash he can always find a buyer for his valuables. Many soldiers wangle passes to Paris for the specific purpose of buying up watches, and bringing them back to Berlin, Vienna and other occupation cities, where they peddle them to the Russians for fabulous sums.

The *Opera Comique*, French ballet and symphony halls are in full swing again, but except for a few long-hairs and the men who are studying at the Sorbonne under the Army's I&E program, the audience is comprised mostly of natives.

There are but a comparatively few American soldiers stationed permanently in Paris, but those few are the ones who really get the "feel" of the city. The three-day pass men say it's okay, but they'll take "Chicago, New York or Los Angeles any day."

The Wacs have left the Hotel California on the Rue de Berri, and Peeping Toms no longer forgather in the offices across the streets to watch the girls get ready for bed. The hotel is now doing a land-office business with American and other foreign businessmen and diplomats, but it isn't as nice as it used to be when the tinkle of girlish GI laughter rang through its halls.

And, at long last, saluting in Paris is no longer required.

The only big installations of GIs left in France are at the staging areas around Reims and at the ports like Le Havre and Marseille, where they step on the boat for home. There are the usual snafus in the returning of men, and some low pointers are getting home before high pointers. The accumulation of justified gripes at the way things are being handled is still a-building. The only thing that erases a gripe is setting foot on a U. S.-bound transport, and there are still plenty of men who haven't had that pleasure.

The ports are working two ways. Every now and then you see a fresh-from-home outfit unloading its complement of new men for the occupation army. There is a universal weariness about most of the incoming GIs, who know that they have come late to a party that may last for a long time. Their presence is, however, one of the few signs of progress that high-pointers waiting for shipment have to cheer them up.

Nice and the rest of the Riviera are still booming as recreation areas for men on pass. They represent a GI approach to paradise, for chicken is taboo and officers are definitely off limits. This side of statutory offenses, a GI can do almost as he pleases in the never-never land of Southern France.

SWITZERLAND is a big-time pass area, too. An RTO sergeant stands on the station platform at Basle on the Swiss border and speaks through a public address system to incoming GIs.

"Fellas," he says, "you are now leaving the land of snafu and entering the country of milk and honey."

Switzerland, for the occupation soldier who is lucky enough to snare one of those $35 seven-day furloughs, almost lives up to the sergeant's pep-talk. The food is good, the hotel beds are soft and the scenery is terrific.

There is no discrimination between officers and EM, and it is first come, first served in hotels and restaurants. There are souvenirs galore and, of course, the inevitable Swiss watch. The watches are reasonable, and you can get a good one without going into hock.

Swiss girls don't seem to rate with GI connoisseurs as highly as the *mademoiselles* and *frauleins*, but they are still plenty nice. One of their added attractions is the fact that most of them speak English—the language is a required subject in all Swiss schools. The girls are anxious to try out their English on qualified GI instructors, and, as an extra-curricular activity, most of them have picked up the art of jitterbugging. The bands in Swiss night clubs play up-to-date American music, both sweet and swing. Night clubs in cities like Berne, Lausanne and Geneva are not inexpensive, but they are well under the stratospheric tariff of the Bal Tabarin.

It is in **GERMANY** with the Army of Occupation that you find the larger part of the GIs who are left in Europe. Most of the high-pointers have been weeded out and at least started home, and the men who are left mostly know that they aren't going to see Missouri or West Virginia or Pennsylvania tomorrow morning.

GIs who live in the beat-up towns of Germany like Nuremberg and Munich envy the men who are quartered in smaller towns untouched by the war. The big beat-up towns are bleak, the people in them are bleak and there isn't much to do except line up for the movies or to dunk doughnuts in coffee at the Red Cross canteens.

Of course, there is always fraternization. But the nights are getting cold and the wind is whipping down through the Bavarian mountains, and some division commanders look down their noses at GIs who go into German houses. So do some German papas who would much prefer that their daughters go around with German boys and that GIs learn to depend solely on their winter long-johns for warmth. Due to the weather, fraternization, particularly in Bavaria, is pretty much an indoor sport nowadays.

The comradeship which existed between officers and men in many outfits during the war—a comradeship born of common danger and common misery—has given way to the more rigid correctness of military courtesy, but most GIs don't find it surprising. They address some officers as sir whom they used to call Bill or Joe, but it's the Army and what the hell. There are separate entrances for officers and men in some ETO headquarters buildings, and this sometimes causes embarrassment. This fall a pfc who used to be with the 1st Division was in a town on pass and encountered a second lieutenant under whom he had served in combat. They had a couple of drinks together and later went to a hotel. There were two doors, one for officers, one for enlisted men. The officer paused before the entrance. "I'll see you inside," he said. "It's a hell of a funny war, I guess."

GIs in Germany are doing most of the chores that any Army garrison does. They drive trucks, fix roads, pull details, stand inspections, do dozens of obscure, dull jobs — many of which have to be done and others of which seem to be simply "made-up" work to keep them busy. There is a tremendous amount of guard duty.

Almost everyone wants to go home, of course, but many men have a vivid enough recollection of combat—either by personal experience or from hearsay—to feel glad still that the shooting is over. And thousands of them are eating off tablecloths and using plates and living in German homes, instead of sitting on the ground and eating out of mess-kits and sleeping in tents.

This doesn't mean that all the GIs in Germany are living in luxury. A lot of them are living miserably, and there is still plenty of high-grade chicken. In a few outfits men who fought in France and Germany are learning once again about nomenclature of the M1 and are doing close-order drill.

One group of GIs living in a little town outside Munich were billeted in an eleven-room German house. They chipped together and hired a maid to clean the rooms every morning. On Saturday morning the GIs were compelled to stand inspection in their quarters while second looeys went around looking at the window panes and feeling door jambs for dust. On these inspection mornings, the maid had to come to work two hours early to make sure the GIs weren't gigged.

Along with the comedy found in some situations there is an ugly undercurrent of German unrest. Some GIs who go out with German girls have been sandbagged by members of the still-existing Nazi underground, and there is everywhere evidence that the war against ideas didn't end with the firing of the last official shot.

The only glamor detail in a publicity sense is that of the soldiers who are guarding the top Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg. In spite of all that has been written about it, it is a rather routine guard job, and top Nazis are about the same amount of bother as bottom Nazis.

In **CZECHOSLOVAKIA**, too, there are GI-policed prison enclosures for *SS* troops, members of the German general staff corps and dangerous Nazis. But most of the American soldiers in the country are stationed in towns. The GIs of the XX Corps don't see why they should be "occupying" a friendly country, especially one whose government has the situation in hand. For their own part, the Czechs wish the Americans (and the Russians, in the eastern zone) would depart and leave the solution of the "German problem" up to them. The Czech girls cannot understand how Americans can fraternize with Germans, and have been known, understandably, to boycott dances to which GIs had also invited *frauleins*.

GIs stationed in **AUSTRIA** admit that the scenery is good, and that the girls are pretty, but they don't like much else. There isn't much else. The shops in Vienna and Salzburg long ago were cleaned out, and recreation is even more limited than it is in Germany. Vienna is one of the saddest, and hungriest, cities in Europe. There is a little more food, and a little more gayety, in the smaller Austrian towns, but not much. The Austrians are living largely on the hope that somehow things will get better, and the GIs in Austria are living largely on the hope that somehow they can get home.

In **ITALY**, as elsewhere in Europe, there are two kinds of GIs left—guys waiting to go home for discharge, and occupation and service troops.

The guys with the points are at the Naples repple depple. Living conditions there are bad, there is a tremendous backlog, and men usually spend several weeks waiting for a boat, living either in overcrowded tents at the race track or in overcrowded barracks. From there some men are sent to Camp Dushane, Casablanca, where they spend another couple of weeks, waiting on a plane ride to the States. Many men at Naples were angry when two big transports were sent to Leghorn and Naples last fall to take the 34th and 92nd Divisions home. The Naples men pointed out with bitterness that most of the men in both divisions didn't have as many points as the repple-depple lads. As late as the end of September, there were still men in the Naples repple depple with as high as 90 points.

There are two main occupation forces. The 88th Division is in the north and is composed mostly of what were looked on as low-point men when the system was first set up. Most of them have 50 points and over two years in the service, however, so they, too, are being weeded out for transport home.

Down near Foggia, there is the 5th Bomb Wing, a heavy-bombardment occupation air force. Living conditions are lousy here. The men live in an area that has dust storms daily, and though the wing is the oldest in Italy the men still live mostly in tents. They only started putting up tuffa buildings last fall.

Chicken has its day in Foggia. For example, 24-hour guard duty is being pulled, something that was never done when the 5th was in actual combat. Going on the theory that the men must be kept occupied, guards are detailed to such ridiculous jobs as doing duty on a baseball field.

In Italy the Italians and the GIs agree on one thing. The Italians want us out of there, as they feel they can never return to normal while GIs boost prices. The GIs want to go home, too.

All over Europe, it's the same. And it's the same in **AFRICA**. Many of the man have forgotten combat, and many of the men are new men who have never seen combat.

One day, outside the little town of Bad Tolz, Bavaria, a corporal and two pfcs were leaning against their truck, eating K-rations. Down the road toward them came a German soldier and a girl wheeling a baby buggy. The German soldier was holding the girl's left hand with his right, and they paid no attention to the GIs.

The German soldier was still wearing his uniform. He had been released from the Army only a few hours before. You could still see the outline, etched in white-dried sweat, of where his pack had rested on his back.

The GIs, members of a victorious Army, looked at the soldier of the defeated enemy.

The corporal flipped a cigarette at the ground.

"There," said the corporal, "goes a lucky son of a bitch."

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SWEATING IT OUT.... PACIFIC

From Kilroy to the colonel, everyone wants to go home, and the only question is, "When?"

By Sgt. ROBERT MacMILLAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

TOKYO—The American soldier in the Pacific this winter is either a low-pointer standing at resigned parade rest, guarding something or other, or he is a high-pointer standing beside the redeployment slot-machine, waiting for the right combination to come up and pay off with a trip home.

This goes on from Australia, where summer is coming in, up through the forgotten coastal bases of New Guinea, along the coral stepping-stones to the Philippines; in China, where the marvels of Shanghai await GIs at a price; in Japan, where MPs in lacquered helmets shuffle their feet to keep warm outside the big man's headquarters, and in Korea, where the snow is filling up the jagged crevices of the mountains and the women are adding another layer of underclothes against the coming winter.

In **AUSTRALIA,** where Americans arrived four years ago with old-style flat helmets and plans to defend the countryside along the Brisbane Line, a few officers and GIs are still staying around, paying off the Army's bills, worrying about getting Aussie wives home and letting pretty secretaries go. Soldiers are drinking their last knee-high bottles of Aussie brew and wondering how it will be back where steak does not come mounted with eggs. And a few discouraged MPs are still looking for AWOLs who have settled way out back and who are hoping the Army will forget about them.

In **NEW GUINEA**, practically nothing remains except a murky memory in the skulls of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies. Cities that the Army threw up are fading into nothing. The jungle is obscuring the straight military lines of all the things Americans built to live in, fly from and ride on. At Buna, the Aussies have put up a few signs to mark the place where the Japs were finally stopped and turned back toward Tokyo.

The course of the war up the New Guinea coast and along the little islands nobody ever heard of until Americans started dying on them is marked with the stranded remains of landing craft that brought the Yanks ashore. Crabs scratch around on the rusting metal plates where barnacles are blotting out the olive drab.

GI life on Oahu, **HAWAII,** hasn't changed very much, except for the obvious difference that every soldier is busily figuring out the possibility of discharge in terms of months and weeks and days instead of in years. Most of the old-timers are so PO'd about the clipping a soldier runs into in Honolulu that they seldom even leave their posts when they get free time on Wednesday afternoons and Saturdays. Troops passing through the area on their way home swell the downtown crowds in Honolulu and shell out their jack to the tourist traps.

Transportation home for high-pointers is the biggest and sorest point of discussion. As elsewhere in the Pacific, it is obvious in the islands that not enough GIs who qualify are getting home fast enough. Pacific *Stars & Stripes* in Honolulu investigated the highly-publicized shipment of Army men via aircraft carriers in September and found that only four GIs were shipped Stateside aboard the *Saratoga*, which was crowded with Navy men. The paper ran an editorial cartoon with a caption quoting the original blurb about "Army and Navy men return on Saratoga." The picture showed millions of sailors tramping down the gangplank; buried among them is one lonely GI.

KWAJALEIN, scene of what was probably our most perfect island-invasion operation, is now practically all Navy. The only Army men left are ATC personnel and weather observers and a few other small outfits. The blackboard at ATC is scrawled with remarks about Kilroy not being able to stand it at Kwajalein. Kilroy is the mythical GI character, a Pfc. Paul Bunyan, whose name is written in every latrine from Hamilton Field and the San Francisco POE to Japan. "Kilroy has been here" is the usual line. And if there is an order posted with an officer's name on the end of it, you find the officer's name scratched out and "Kilroy" scribbled in place of it. The signs at Kwajalein eight months ago used to read: "Welcome, you lucky people." Kilroy and the peace have changed all that.

The island of **SAIPAN** has lost all its work-in-progress look. Main roads are all hard-surfaced, which means that you no longer drive through fog-like clouds of coral dust. The sharp hairpin turn above Tanapag has been rounded into a sensible curve that doesn't require shifting of gears when you're going up hill. As an indication that building is at a standstill, the big coral quarries are almost deserted. Gashes of white still mark their locations on the mountainsides, but there are no longer streams of trucks going back and forth nor busy shovels cutting the coral terraces away 24 hours a day. For the most part, pyramidal tents have disappeared, and in their places are quonsets or prefabs. The whole island is quiet and rear-area.

GUAM is pretty well cleaned out of old men and is getting very chicken. At Harmon Field the MPs make you roll down your sleeves and insist that you wear a sun-tan go-to-hell cap instead of the more comfortable green or khaki peaked, jockey-style hat. You can't wear shorts outside your company area.

In the **PHILIPPINES,** the big ships come in with rations and replacements and go out again, crowded to the anchor-housings with soldiers going home. Repple-depples are jammed with men who have their orders, and more are coming in all the time and people are not happy. Only about one half of the 77,700 scheduled to sail in October made it. Returnees are leaving depots on a first-in, first-out basis rather than according to points. And GIs are unhappy about it.

Sailors and rear-echelon troops swarm along the streets of Manila looking for something to take home to mother and Aunt Sally. The price of native whisky and rum is going down, and eggs don't cost quite as much as pearls any more. Night clubs are going full blast along Rizal Avenue, but the Filipinos still live in corrugated iron shacks among the wreckage of war. About 40 miles south of Manila the Japanese who came soberly down from the mountains when Yamashita surrendered are gathered in vast prison camps waiting for somebody to find ships somewhere to get them home. They know it will be a long wait.

IWO JIMA no longer looks anything like a battlefield. The hills which held Jap gun positions have been leveled, and almost the whole island is covered with flat asphalt runways and good highways. There are radar masts and weather-recording instruments on Mt. Suribachi. And there is a huge cemetery near the volcano with thousands of white crosses laid out to form one mammoth cross.

Iwo is a terrible place to be stationed. The black volcanic dust that covers the island blows incessantly during dry spells and gets into your nose and eyes and throat. There's nothing to do except go to the movies.

When the chicken was setting in on the island this past summer, the officers in an AAF station posted a big sign in their area. "Officers' Country," it read. "—Restricted." The area was between the EM's living area and the place where the EM worked, and the restriction meant that GIs had to make a big circle around it four times a day to get to and from their work—an extra half mile every morning, noon and night. The EM thought things over and came up with a big sign for their own area. It said, "God's Country—No Restrictions." The officers got PO'd and made the GIs take the sign down. But the feeling lingers.

On **OKINAWA,** where the war ended, men and supplies are still coming in to invasion beaches—when the typhoons will let them. In the dust that was Kadena town, into which troops last Easter picked their way cautiously, an endless stream of vehicles grinds around the great wheel of the traffic circle.

The combat troops are gone today, but service troops still remain with their tents, cutting up the slopes, transforming Jap wagon trails into four-lane coral-topped highways, rebuilding latrines, erecting new quarters as storms blow the old ones down, constructing day rooms and officers' clubs.

The airfields, too—Yontan, Kadena and Naha—are still doing business at the old hardstands. Kadena, where the mightiest air armada ever assembled in the Pacific took off for the final surrender in Tokyo, at the moment lies almost deserted—the sole survivor of six B-29 runways that died a-borning when peace came.

The rubble that was Naha, capital of Okinawa, remains the same. Some of the debris has been bulldozed aside to make room for reefers, warehouses and depots that will some day move out of tents and into quonsets.

Looking down on the ashes of Shuri, where Jap Army headquarters were located, only the forlorn spire of a Christian church remains. The grass is withering between the wooden wheels of the silent guns, and here and there lies a rusting tank or a still-fused shell. Sugar Hill, Chocolate Drop, Three Sisters, Beightler, Bloody Knoll, Suicide Ridge—they too remain open to the sun and wind and rain which, working slower than bulldozers, are nevertheless sure in their job of final obliteration.

As yet no one knows the future of Okinawa—whether it will become a naval base or an Army installation or neither. Thus far it has not been geared to peace. Recreational facilities are almost non-existent. Athletic equipment is scarce, and there is no educational program. So far there exists neither machinery nor equipment for reconversion. As one company commander said, "Well, I guess the men will have to go back to digging ditches." The GIs make no effort to conceal the fact that morale is low and that most of them are good and mad.

In **SHANGHAI** the occupation is a different story. Oriental pitchmen crowd the street with every sundry imaginable, and other salesmen sidle up to the GIs and whisper, "Nice young girl, mister?" Shanghai is a lush utopia to GIs who have spent most of their time overseas in China's interior. You can buy steak for dinner, with French fries and vegetables. There are first-rate night clubs with plenty of beautiful girls anxious to help you spend your money.

Stores are stocked with all sorts of curios at reasonable prices. A dime will still get you a rickshaw ride for a couple of miles—but getting a coolie to understand where you want to go is another matter.

Since all equipment must be flown in, the limmited amount the Army was able to bring with it made it necessary at first for the city to furnish rations and quarters. As a result some GIs got housed in the best hotels and drew five to seven bucks per diem.

Keeping warm has become the main problem for occupation troops stationed in **KOREA.** Snow blankets the country from the mountains in the south to Seoul, the American-occupied capital and beyond. Soon the Hangang River, which flows past the capital, will freeze over.

The XIV Corps quartermastered everyone in woolens before the first snowfall, but even then there was a widespread dependence on persimmon whisky and Japanese brandy to keep warm. The national costume of the Koreans has changed little in outward appearance with the weather except for the protective plumpness which the women have assumed. This last, it has been discovered, is due merely to an increase in the number and thickness of undergarments which the women add instead of wearing fur coats.

Dancing is another popular way of keeping

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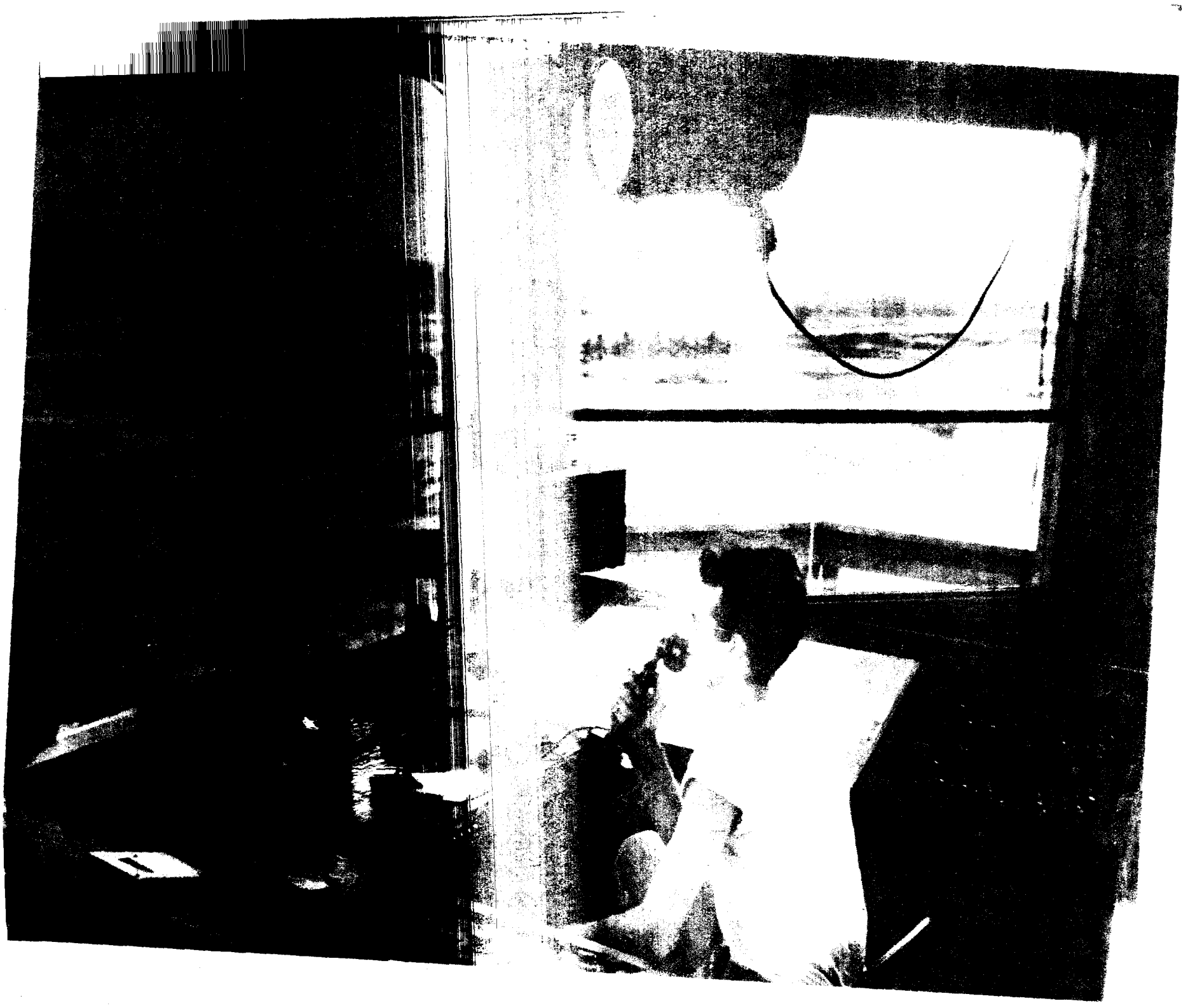

warm. The ballroom of the International Cultural Association, on the fourth floor of Seoul's Mitsubishi department store, offers music—"Dinah," "St. Louis Blues," "My Blue Heaven"—and choice partners, all for two *yen* a dance. The same tunes are to be heard in the host of American-style bars which have sprung up since the curfew was lifted. Each bar is equipped with a corps of hostesses, most of them former *Kee-Sang* girls who entertained in the city's tea houses before the Americans came.

Traffic along Seoul's Bunchung, the Japanese shopping section, is no longer as heavy as it was at first, but the supply of kimonos and lacquer-ware has not been depleted. Most of the Americans left in Korea now are replacements. Seventh Division veterans of Okinawa, Leyte, Kwajalein and Attu have nearly all gone home.

In **JAPAN** it's getting cold—not as cold as it is in Korea, but cold just the same. Everyone's in ODs. Tokyo still smells of dead fires, dead people and dead fish, and the mysterious little shops along the Ginza are sold out as fast as they get anything in. There's a bull market in kimonos and pearls and silk and lacquer-ware and dolls. Most of Tokyo's *geisha* houses are off limits, but in other places they are still open to GIs. Entertainment is already stripped of Oriental niceties, and joy is reduced to its lowest common denominator.

Probably the saddest outfit in all of the U. S. armed forces is the 97th Infantry Division, now patroling the area along the Tone River in Honshu, just north of Tokyo, with division headquarters at Kumagaya. The 97th came back from Germany, where it fired one of the last shots of the war, right after VE-Day. The guys got 30-day furloughs and went to Fort Bragg for reorganization and training. They had been at Bragg two days w[illegible] shipped out to the West Coast (in [illegible] the Japs asked for peace) and hus[illegible] for Japan. Most of them had been in the Army four years and had 50, 60 and 70 points. Four days after they left California, the WD announced that no man with more than 45 points would have to go overseas. They landed in Japan in the middle of September and there they are: standing guard on bridges along the Tone that seems not unlike the Rhine where they were standing guard only a few months ago. Everybody in the division is thoroughly convinced that they'll be in Japan for two years.

The most significant thing about the attitude of occupation troops in Japan—the same as in Germany, no doubt—is that the GIs who are now doing the occupying are mostly low-point men who have never been in combat against the Japs and who haven't had close friends killed. These Johnny-come-latelys naturally don't have the stern attitude toward the Japs that the veterans of the Philippines and Okinawa would have. "Hell, they don't seem so bad," is their attitude. The Japs, naturally, are treating them very nicely.

The chicken is, of course, setting in Japan, and the Army is trying pretty hard to put on a good front. The OD uniforms that are being issued to the troops in Japan are far smarter-looking and better in quality than any ODs issued in the States or in Europe or Australia these last three years (Japan has about the same climate as New York; there is snow in the winter, and it is pretty chilly from October until May). The uniforms include good-looking Eisenhower woolen battle jackets and good OD pants, made from a darker and softer material that looks like more money than anything we had before. The go-to-hell caps are smooth-finished and hard-wool serge, like officers' caps, and the OD sh[illegible] are sharp, with a smooth finish and a low, widespread collar like an expensive civilian sports shirt. They are issuing plenty of sweaters and green combat jackets, with hoods, instead of overcoats. The clothes, in typical Army fashion, are finally getting good now that the war is over and they are no longer as important as they were before.

As a matter of fact, generally speaking, the GIs have made an excellent impression on all Japs. On duty they act correct and off duty they are polite and well behaved. They are nothing at all the way the Jap propagandists said they would be, and the Japs themselves admit that they are nothing like their own soldiers would be if they were occupying America. Getting back to the woman angle again, the GIs have done things like getting up in street cars to give women their seats, which makes a delightful impression on the Jap women and annoys and embarrasses the men. The Jap women have blossomed out in bright kimonos since the Americans have arrived. They had been forced to wear dark, conservative clothes during the war.

In **INDIA** proper where the war was always a waiting war, it's a waiting war still. GIs here used to be waiting for something to happen in Japan, say the end of the war. Now that that's taken care of, the men left in the sub-continent are simply waiting for the same thing everyone else in uniform overseas is waiting for—a quick trip home.

There's a Pacific-wide rumor around that Kilroy has been to Washington and has fixed everything up. He is going to return as Supreme Commander Kilroy of the entire Pacific area. He will convert the major islands of Japan into giant barges and tow all Pacific GIs back to the West Coast. Kilroy's promised New Order will apply only to EM.

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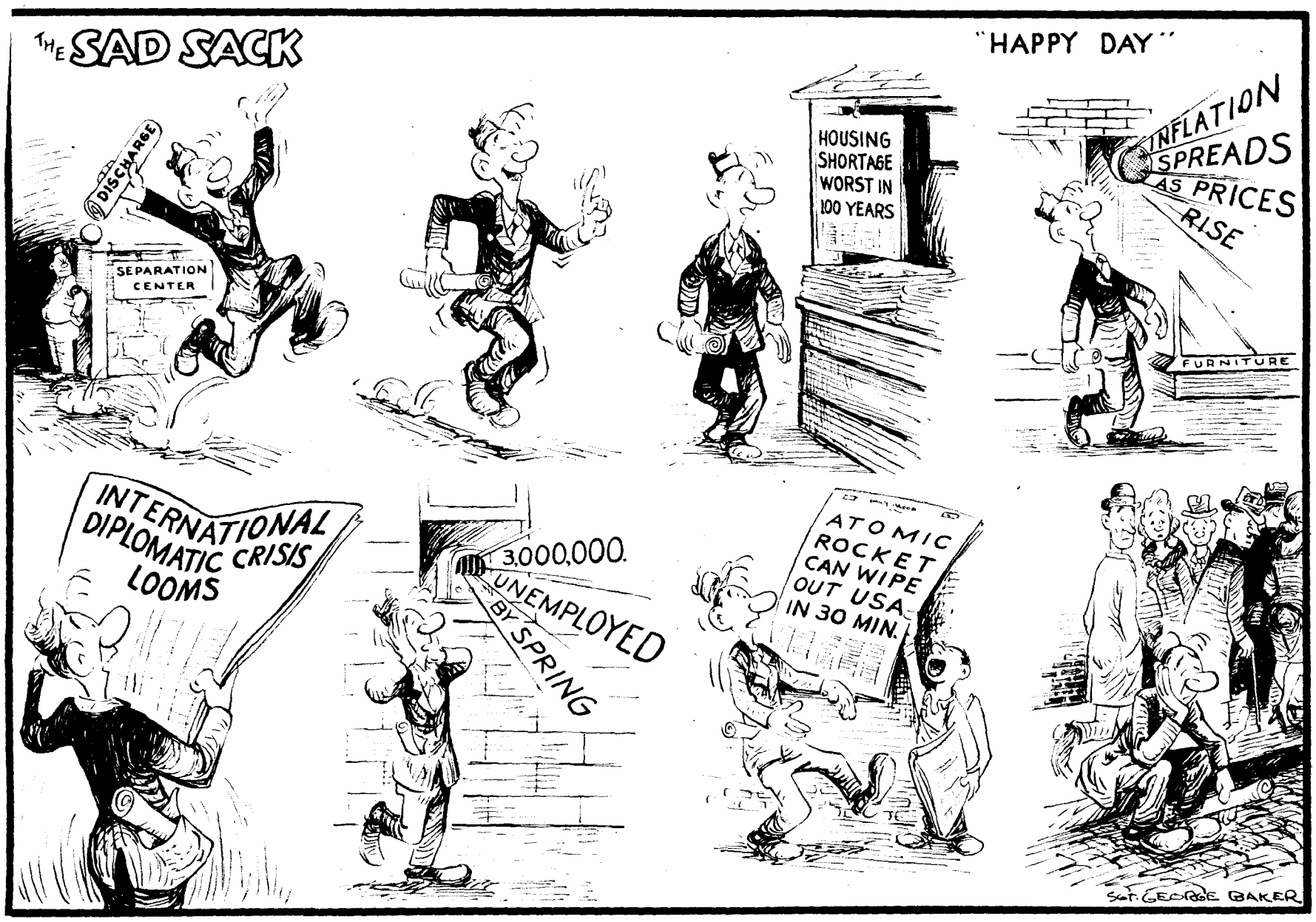


THE OUTER GARMENT

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

"PUT the flag at half-staff," muttered our CO, "and call a special formation."

There were tears in his steel-gray eyes as he read from WD Circular 288, dated 21 September 1945. "I've seen this coming, men," he said when he had finished. "The Army isn't what it used to be. I'm resigning my commission today. Sergeant, dismiss the troops."

The circular amazed us as much as it did him. "The field jacket," it said, "is authorized to be worn as an outer garment outside the limits of posts, camps and stations."

In those words the Army shattered one of its proudest traditions. I can't imagine how it ever happened in Washington, but it must have gone something like this:

"Gentlemen, I've called you together this morning because we are faced with a crisis. I hardly know how to begin. Certain elements within the War Department have suggested that —it's utterly fantastic—that we authorize the field jacket as an outer garment outside the posts, camps and stations!"

Everyone gasps. "Pardon me, general, but did I hear you correctly? The *field jacket* to be worn in town? By enlisted men?"

"I'm afraid that's right. It's this new, radical element that's come into the Army the past three or four years."

"Smart alecs!" snaps Col. Bloy. "After the long fight we've made to keep EM out of those jackets in town!"

"This strikes a death blow to Army discipline," groans Maj. Riddle, his face buried in his hands. "Don't they realize how good those damn jackets look? What becomes now of the distinction between officers and enlisted men?"

"Well," sighs a colonel, "it won't make much difference now. All the EM are wearing those Eisenhower things anyhow. That was a big mistake."

"Right, colonel. That's what happens when you let combat men start prescribing the uniform. It should be strictly a Washington function."

"When I think," sighs Col. Whistling, "of the long, hard fight I made against the field jacket. I kept my MPs on their toes. Every October I gave them a special pep talk, and they grabbed hundreds of field jackets in town. My guards at the gate were trained to pick up passes ruthlessly whenever they found an EM trying to sneak past in a jacket, and—"

"At my post," interrupts Col. Kidley, "the enlisted men were mighty tricky. They used to smuggle field jackets out in cars, or cram them through the fence."

"Ah, those good old days," says a colonel wistfully. "I always thought AR 600-40 phrased it so beautifully. It was almost poetry: 'The field jacket will *not* be worn outside the limits of posts, camps or stations . . . '"

Everyone sighs deeply. "I made a suggestion, back in 1943, that I still think was rather good," says a colonel. "I proposed at that time that AR 600-40 be amended to forbid the wearing of field jackets *inside* posts, camps and stations as well as outside. EM have been getting too many dates with Government girls working on the posts. Also on the camps and stations. That sort of thing could be prevented. Make them wear the good old EM blouse."

"That brings up a thought," says a colonel craftily. "We can permit the field jacket on EM in town for a while. A lot of them will re-enlist. Then, in a few months, when these radical officers have gone, we can lower the boom! All of a sudden we'll re-invoke old AR 600-40, and—"

"—field jackets will *not* be worn!" chortles a colonel.

"Class-A uniforms only in town!" someone cries.

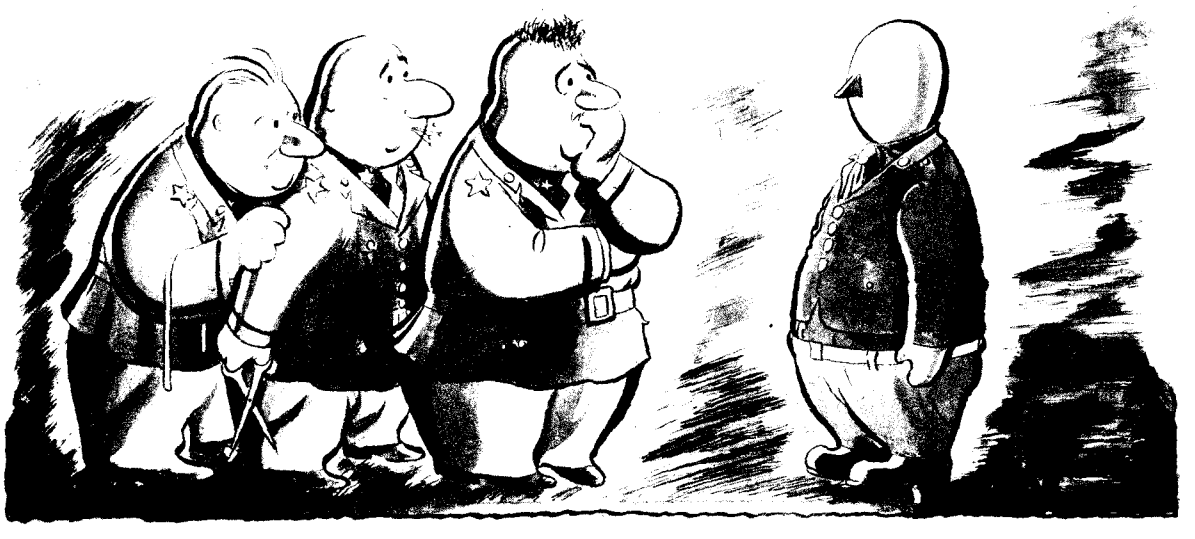
"Good old EM blouse! Tight across the chest! Narrow shoulders—"

"This time we'll pad the hips. That'll make the shoulders look even smaller—"

"And the little lapels! Those nice, ridiculous little EM lapels."

"We'll change the color—it's too bright now. And the cloth must be coarser, somehow."

"That'll be the day!" cries a general. All the officers rise and shake hands. Then they snap to attention, uncover and chant in chorus: "The field jacket will *not* be worn outside the limits of posts, camps or stations."



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Respect the GI

ONE of the most important needed reforms embraces all branches of the armed forces: a merger of the War and Navy Departments.

But, sticking to the Army, I think the Articles of War should be drastically revised. They now provide disciplinary measures against EM for using Government property for personal use, damaging a rifle or staying a few hours over a pass, but they make no provision for penalizing an officer for failing to regard the welfare of the enlisted men or for not respecting his prerogatives, such as they are.

We have taken it upon ourselves to tell other nations how enjoyable life is in a democracy. Let's make the Army consistent with that line. Let enlisted men and officers wear the same clothes; it is really the insignia of rank that distinguishes them from each other. GIs and officers should have the same meals and an equitable distribution of recreational facilities. The privileges granted officers should be in ratio to their responsibility toward the enlisted men under their command.

Germany —Cpl. JOHN J. GATTAS

General Reforms

Here's my list: 1) The Army should consider all soldiers as men of character and intelligence, until they prove themselves otherwise, and should accept them as equals socially and professionally; 2) All soldiers should be dressed alike, from the seventh grade to the fifth star; 3) Greater weight should be given to individual interest in assignment and more flexible standards for promotion should be set up; 4) The Information and Education Division needs to be severed from the Army shackles of "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil"; 5) A civilian commission should be provided to hear and evaluate criticism from all grades of Army personnel; it should have authority to give or direct redress in individual cases and to direct the Secretary of War to effect procedural changes when necessary; 6) The Inspector General's office should be removed from the jurisdiction of the War Department.

Grenier Field, N. H. —Pfc. W. J. GREEN

Survival of the Fittest

All commissioned and non-commissioned officers should get annual Civil Service examinations. These examinations would consist of field work and written or oral tests designed to determine developed qualities of leadership, character and integrity. If any man wanted to take an examination for the next higher rank he should be allowed to do so at the time of the annual examination. If his mark were higher than that of the man holding the rank in his outfit, he would replace him and the man replaced would be put in a lower rank or given an opportunity to transfer in grade. Commissions would be awarded only to those who had risen from the ranks after spending a specified period of time as non-commissioned officers.

North Camp Hood, Tex. —Sgt. WILLIAM D. STARNES

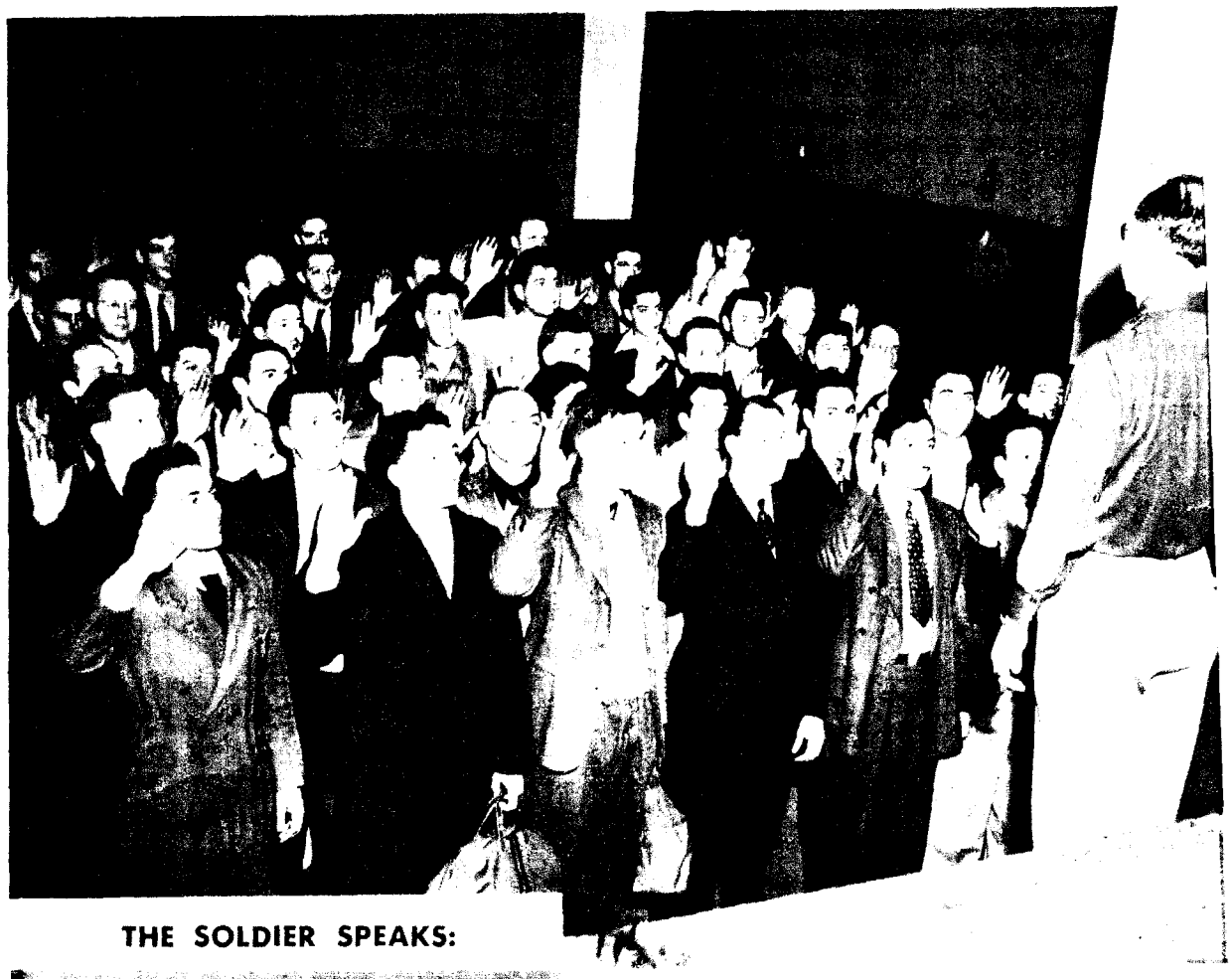
A Feudal Society

Our social customs in the Army are based on the relationship of lord and serf. While it is understandable that in feudal times the social customs of the period were carried over into Army life, we should recognize that times have changed. Our modern civilian, accustomed to equality and guaranteed civil rights, is drafted. From the moment he becomes a GI any relationship between what he experiences and democracy is purely accidental.

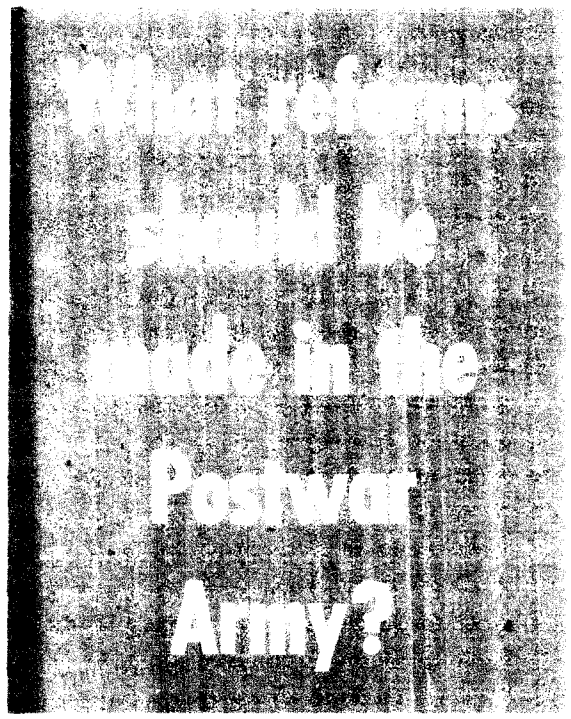
Our officers are indoctrinated with the need of keeping the enlisted men in their place and maintaining a social position above them. They are impressed with the need for separate, and better, mess, quarters, theater seats and other things.

It is a strange code of ethics which permits fraternization with the ex-enemy, but frowns on informal officer-enlisted men relationships. It would probably never occur to the officers who feted Goering and some other German generals in Germany last May to invite an enlisted man to dine with them.

The enlisted men develop a real appreciation for the benefits of democracy. It is an appreciation which grows in spite of and not because of the social customs of the Army.



THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:



The functioning of the business end of the Army must be totalitarian. Discipline must be maintained. The rigid social-class setup, however, needs a bit of streamlining so that it fits in with a democratic form of government. If we fought with weapons as outdated as the customs the Army sponsors, we would be polishing our bows and sharpening our arrows instead of witnessing jet propulsion and the miracle of the atomic bomb.

Africa —Sgt. WILLIAM BROMSEN

Justice in Promotions

One very necessary reform is in the matter of enlisted promotions. Today's army of technical specialization cannot be compared with the army of prewar days. As a result of thinking in outmoded terms, promotional practices, "job grading and appreciation" are brutal.

Too many times men trained in special skills are not considered eligible for promotion because they lack "tactical background," ordinarily known as being a good foot soldier. Too often a GI specialist has little or no contact with his commanding officer and is left to the mercy of the boys who believe mainly in the principle of "brown-nosing."

Different grades could be assigned to each level of responsibility within a job specialty. By this grading policy, together with advancement according to merit and written examinations, much could be done to remedy injustices. Army T/Os specify grades for specialities, but actual results of grading seldom match T/O specifications. I know of one Machine Records unit in which a pfc efficiently did the work of principal clerk in administration because he was the only man who could do it. Yet he was surrounded by men classified as clerks and typists with ratings higher than his.

AAF Base Unit, Santa Ana, Calif. —S/Sgt. JACK A. PEARSON

Trial by Jury

How about having an equal number of officers and enlisted men on a court-martial board? This would permit GIs to have some representation in their trials, and I see no reason why enlisted men shouldn't also sit in when officers are being tried.

If a citizen is qualified to serve as a juror in civilian life and to render a just and honorable decision, there is no reason why he should not be equally qualified in the Army when his fellow soldiers are tried. Jury duty would be required of all men irrespective of rank.

AAF, St. Petersburg, Fla. —Sgt. R. E. NELSON

Eliminate the Chicken

This letter is the result of an informal poll among the GIs in our outfit. Almost to a man their reactions were along the order of "eliminate the chicken."

Of course discipline makes the difference between an army and an armed mob. If orders are to be carried out we need leaders with authority to carry them out. But what the American soldier resents is the petty privileges, the artificial barriers, which make him something apart from and inferior to his officers.

Many officers would like to see changes made in the system. But if they attempt to go along with the GI, to treat him as another man and not just an overgrown 10-year-old, they find themselves on the dirty end of the stick. They find themselves getting all the unpleasant details and being quietly but firmly passed over at promotion time.

Here, in brief, is our own K-ration-inspired reform program: 1) removal of 90 percent of the existing social privileges; 2) a more equitable pay scale; 3) periodic reviews of commissions, resulting in promotion or demotion, conducted by trained and impartial examiners; 4) punishment for officer misconduct and inefficiency on a par with that at present handed out to enlisted men; 5) courts martial where the EM has a voice.

Germany —Pfc. R. E. LEE and T-5 DANIEL W. HOGAN

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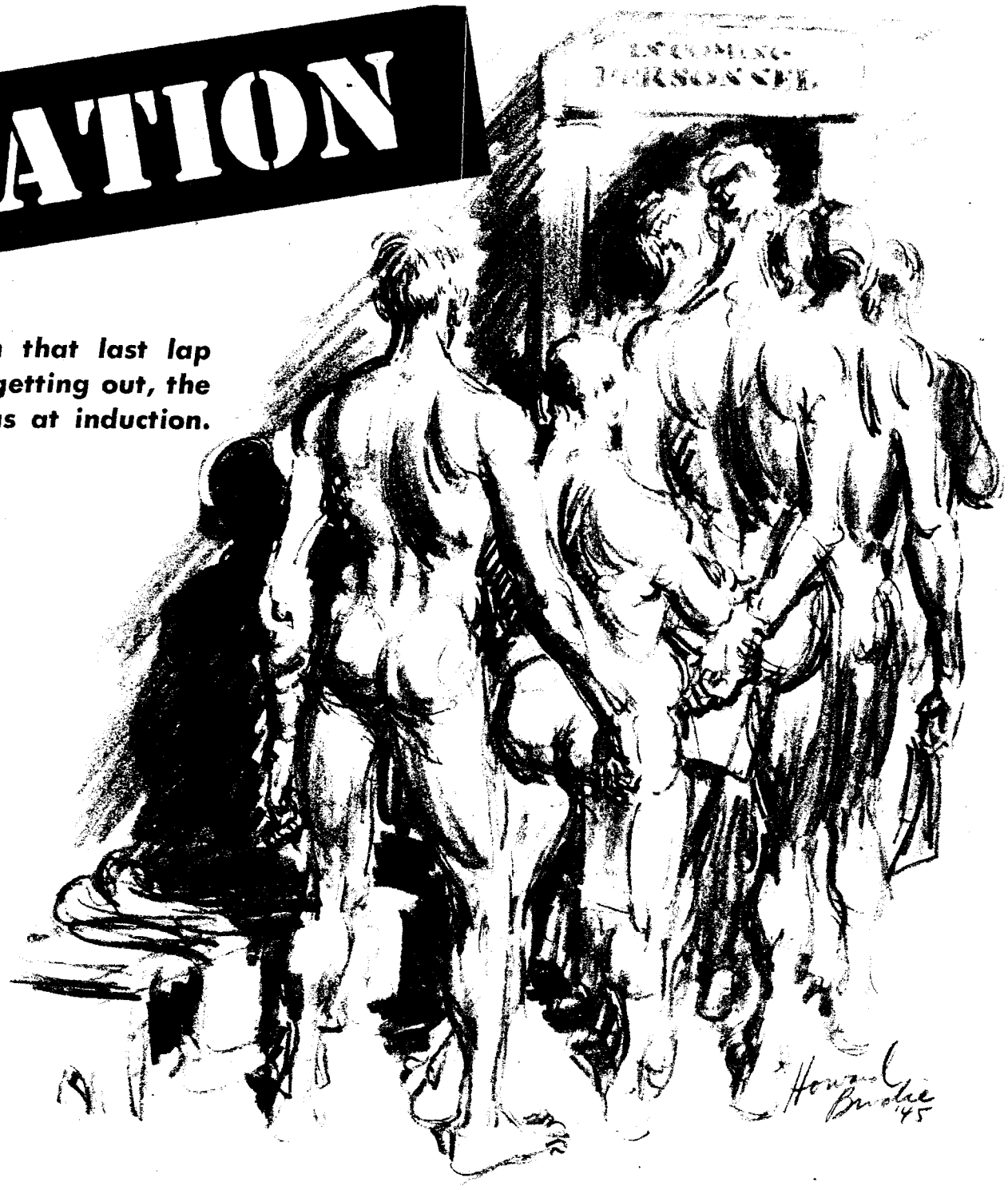
SEPARATION

When you're on that last lap of Army before getting out, the air is as tense as at induction.



By Ex-Sgt. MERLE MILLER
Former YANK Staff Writer

EARLY in 1942 when I reported to Ft. George G. Meade, Md., for induction, fell into my first awkward formation, stripped, was shouted at, jabbed and endlessly questioned, I rather forlornly hoped something would happen to keep me out of the Army of the U. S.

When, recently, I reported to Ft. Dix, N. J., for separation and went through what is essentially the same process, I was sure something would happen to keep me in. A friend had been unceremoniously yanked off to an Army hospital for a month when the doctors at Dix decided he had high blood pressure; another had had to stay an extra week to have several cavities filled; a third had been returned to his outfit because, it was discovered, five of the points his company commander had approved were illegal.

But nothing of the sort happened to the 14 men from my outfit who stopped at a bar in Grand Central Station for two quick drinks before buying tickets for Dix.

On our arrival at Dix, we were hurried into a cluttered barracks marked "Incoming Personnel" where a captain, apparently anxious to prove that we were still EM and not civilians, treated us with a studied rudeness, ordered a sergeant to take our records, pointed disdainfully at a bench on which we were to sit and, in a speech of welcome to ourselves and a hundred other prospective dischargees who soon gathered, several times screamed at us to "pipe down, dammit, or I'll keep you here all day."

Then a corporal who wore a Third Division patch handed each of us a white tag on which, he explained, we were to print our last names, initials and serial numbers before tying the tags to our left breast pockets.

After that, the corporal called out our last names; we shouted our first names and middle initials and stepped up to a counter, where we were given our clothing records and then shown down a long corridor, also lined with counters.

Since my clothing had already been turned in at my previous station, I simply showed a bored private the clean shirt, undershirt, shorts and two pairs of socks in my civilian overnight bag.

"Me," said the private, rather testily, "I'm a lucky bastard. I got 20 goddam points. Twenty." Then, as I turned to leave, he added, "Good luck, chum."

At the end of the corridor, we were met by a pfc who gave us blue cards on which we again printed our names, ranks and serial numbers; then we were herded into a bus and driven to what looked like the company area of any Army post anywhere.

Here we were assigned to a barracks and, once inside, lined up for the usual sheets, pillow cases and GI blankets. As I was making my bunk, slow and easy and being careful to make hospital corners, a weary-looking Fifth Army sergeant said, somewhat sadly, "I'd almost forgotten how, you know, and pretty soon I won't even have to remember."

A sergeant and a corporal were pacing up and down the barracks nervously, chain-smoking but being careful to put each butt in the GI cans conveniently and familiarly placed in front of strategic bunks.

"Anything might happen," said the sergeant. "I had malaria once; they might keep me in for that. Anything might happen."

"A day or so won't matter," the corporal added. "Not after all this time. I mean, even a week or so isn't so much after four years."

They each lighted another cigarette and continued pacing. A few minutes later a permanent-party corporal, who wore a Combat Infantryman's Badge but was obviously on the defensive, came in to tell us there would be a formation at 1645.

"That's 4:45, civilian time," he said.

"How long's it take, corporal?" someone asked him.

"Forty-eight hours," he answered, "after you get on a roster. But it might be a week before you get on one. Might be longer." He said the last somewhat gleefully, as if he hoped it would take longer.

When the corporal left, I dropped off to sleep for what seemed a few minutes, but when I awakened, it was time for the formation. We lined up outside the barracks, almost a hundred of us, and listened to a brash young first lieutenant with a mustache, steel-rimmed glasses and almost no chin.

HE talked in what he obviously hoped was GI jargon, repeating a number of stale jokes and advising us as if we were rather backward children that "pitching woo" (as he called it) in the nearby guest house was frowned on. Then, rather quickly, he told us that the Army was as anxious to get rid of us as we were to get out and that we should be on a roster in the morning.

When he dismissed us, an elderly technical sergeant wearing a patch of the Ninth Division gave him a mock salute and muttered, "Thanks a lot, sonny boy."

By then, it was time for chow, and we fell into a fast-moving line in front of the mess hall.

"I hear the KPs are krauts," said the Ninth Division sergeant. "Dirty krauts." They were krauts, looking surprisingly healthy and well-fed.

"Dirty bastards," the sergeant said, but that was all.

The food was good enough, substantial and unimaginative but plentiful, and after chow we looked at the bulletin boards outside our barracks on which the rosters were posted. We knew our names could not possibly be there until morning, but we looked anyway. It made us feel better.

Then we walked to the PX, bought our cigarette ration and waited at a table in the beer garden until it opened. The beer was warm and not very good, but we drank a lot of it.

"Relaxes you," someone said. "That's the only thing about beer. It relaxes you."

We all agreed that it did, and we spent the evening talking about what we planned to do when we got out, and about officers we'd like to meet again, a few because we suspected that they would really be good guys when they weren't officers any more and a good many more with whom we wanted to settle a score.

When the beer garden closed, we were all a little high, but relaxed, really relaxed. I went to sleep as soon as I hit the sack.

After chow the next morning, we hurried to the bulletin boards, and, sure enough, there were most of our names. Those whose names were missing walked slowly back to the barracks.

"I can't prove I'm not still in Casablanca," said one of them. "I'll probably still be here for the next goddam war."

At 10:15 we lined up outside the barracks, and in a careless, desultory formation walked to a Post Theater. It was the old routine again, like basic training.

Everyone filed into the theater quietly and sat down, nobody talking much.

First, there was the chaplain, a huge, hearty man who boomed at us that we were about to be discharged from the Army, and he supposed

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we were all pretty unhappy about that. It was a bum gag, but everyone laughed appreciatively. Then he explained about our discharge pay, pointing out that it would be paid in monthly installments, one when we got out, another a month later and, for the great majority of us (those who had been overseas), a third payment a month after that.

He bellowed that we probably wouldn't have too much trouble getting adjusted to civilian life —but that we must be patient with other, more settled civilians. Also that dischargees had a lot of trouble with what he called "pitfalls" in and around Trenton, N. J. He warned us to hang on to our money.

"I hung on to a hell of a lot more money than he's ever seen long before I got in the Army," said a somewhat dispirited man in the row ahead of me.

When the chaplain had finished, a young lieutenant rather diffidently explained that in the afternoon we would meet our counselor, who would tell us about our insurance and the GI Bill of Rights and answer any questions. Then we were handed a card on which to check the questions we wished to ask our counselors.

A few men made checks on theirs, but many of us didn't.

"If they don't know the answer, they may keep you here until they find out," said a corporal. The majority semed to agree with him.

My own counselor was a large, red-faced Irish private who obviously enjoyed beer and drank a good deal of it and explained to me that he had been a newspaper man once himself—and, when he got out of the Army, hoped to be again.

"I guess it's kind of a crowded field, though," he said, rather hopelessly. I agreed that it was.

"You want to know anything?" he asked. I said I didn't.

"Hardly anybody does any more," said the Irishman.

THEN he carefully filled out my Form 100, listing my jobs in the Army and my civilian experience.

"It might come in handy sometime," he said. "I doubt it, but it might."

Then, quite brusquely, he asked: "You don't want to join the Enlisted Reserve, do you?"

"No," I replied

"You know," said the private. "I once had a man who did. He was a pretty smart fellow, too. He thought there was going to be one hell of a depression in this country, and he wanted to keep on eating."

The private paused, then added, "But he was the only one, and I've talked to a lot of guys."

After the counseling, we were through for the day and returned to our barracks. On the way, we passed a formation of men carrying their baggage and with the bright golden discharge emblem on their shirts. They grinned at us.

"Hiya, soldiers," one of them said, then repeated, "soldiers," making it sound like a dirty word.

"A lot of things could still happen," said the sergeant with whom I was walking. "The medics hold up a lot of guys."

"I've got varicose veins," said someone else. "I wonder if that'll make any difference." No one answered. We were thinking of our own minor ailments, wondering if they would matter.

We all drank more beer that evening, but it wasn't as much fun as the night before. Civilian life was too close, and there was still the chance that maybe, somehow, for some obscure Army reason, we wouldn't get out at all.

"We might be civilians tomorrow night at this time," said the technical sergeant from the Ninth Division. "Let's drink to it." We did, but it wasn't much of a toast.

When we marched to the dispensary next morning, nobody talked much, and once inside we took off our clothes and waited. The examination was much like the one that got us into the Army. The doctors looked at us with the same bored expressions.

While we waited for the blood tests, one man paled visibly.

"I've only been back from Paris ten days," he said. "Tell the truth, I'm a little worried."

"You got a bad cavity there," the dentist said to me.

"I know."

"We'd just as soon fix it, free," he continued.

"No," I answered, very politely. "No, thank you very much." The dentist merely shrugged.

After lunch, we turned in our bed clothes and sat down on our empty bunks to wait. The man who could not prove he had left Casablanca was trying to read a book.

"I'll probably have to go back there and then come back here again," he said. "And I'm supposed to meet my girl in New York tonight." He was not even on a roster yet.

When we fell out in front of the barracks with our luggage, the man from Casablanca stood on the porch.

"So long," he said, sadly. "I may not see you again."

We tried to laugh to reassure him, but no one was very successful.

"I heard about a guy that was pulled out at the Finance Office," said the technical sergeant. "It's never too late."

We threw our luggage in a tent that was marked off into compartments, then waited in front of a building marked "Signature Section."

A man had fainted a few minutes before, and the medics had carried him away in a litter.

"They'll probably never let that poor bastard out," said the technical sergeant. He lighted a cigarette, and I was surprised to see that his hand was shaking.

When we got inside the Signature Section, we lined up against a wall and waited until two permanent-party men called off our names. As they reached each name, they placed a folder on a counter, and each man walked over to his own folder.

And then we signed our discharges. I blotted mine in two places. I was still blotting when someone mentioned the Enlisted Reserve again.

At the door we fingerprinted our discharge papers. The corporal in charge of that section was having an argument with a dischargee.

"I just asked you to do it the Army way," said the corporal.

The dischargee said an unprintable word, then added, "USO Commando."

The corporal did not answer, but when the dischargee had gone out the door he said, "I guess it doesn't matter, but I was with the 34th."

Then we walked back and picked up our luggage, waiting outside while a few men ran to another tent to salvage some equipment.

In a few minutes, our guide, a newly inducted private who was an apologetic 18, took us to a squat, unbeautiful building inside of which were rows of men at sewing machines. Each of us had discharge patches sewn over the right pocket of either one or two shirts.

As we put on our shirts again, I felt confident for the first time. But not for long.

"A guy in the barracks got yanked in the Finance Office," repeated the tech sergeant. "Last minute. Been here eight days."

We dropped our luggage in the compartmentalized tent again and walked to the Finance Office. The building was crowded, and our guide told us it would be 45 minutes, at least, before we got in, so we wandered to the PX.

We all ordered cokes, but none of us drank a full bottle.

A corporal, who had loudly sworn off smoking but then borrowed a cigarette, lighted it and said:

"You guys finish your cokes. I think I'll go back."

We all drank a huge gulp of coke, then set down the bottles and hurried back to the Finance Office. We had been gone exactly five minutes, and we still had almost an hour to wait.

Finally we got inside the building and sat on the same kind of hard benches as in "Incoming Personnel." After about 15 minutes more, they began calling our names, and we stepped up to the cashier's cage, where we were each given $50 in cash, the rest of our pay (minus allotments) in a check, plus the first instalment of our mustering-out pay. Also the small gold discharge button.

As we stepped out into the sunshine again, the tech sergeant smiled for the first time.

"Not a damn thing can happen now," he said. "Not a damn thing. I'm a damn civilian." His eyes were watering, not much, just enough to be noticeable.

When the last man came out of the Finance Office, we lined up quietly and started for the chapel. We knew what was going to happen there; we'd been told at least a dozen times by men who'd already been through it, but we were a little frightened anyway.

AN organ was playing when we marched in, wearing our ties and silent, and we sat down in neat rows, while the organist ran through "The Old Grey Mare," "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" and some hymns I didn't recognize.

A chaplain said something, I don't remember what, and then a very old and very small lieutenant colonel stood up, smiling through what were obviously not his own teeth.

I looked out of the window and saw a handful of new arrivals walking with their barracks bags toward a company area, and I didn't want to pay any attention to what the old colonel was saying. It was corn, pure corn, about the Army appreciating what we had done and about how most of us hadn't gotten the breaks we deserved, but it was a big army and we knew how those things are, and finally about the war we'd won and what a great thing we'd accomplished for our great country.

It was obvious that it was a speech the old man had made many times, but I didn't care. I thought it was a fine speech.

When an enlisted man began calling off the names and men began stepping up to the colonel, saluting him, getting his store-teeth smile and a handshake and their discharge papers, I realized I was making a damned fool of myself. I needed a handkerchief and didn't have one. [ED. NOTE: We feel obliged to point out that ex-Sgt. Miller is the type that also weeps at movies.]

After I had my own discharge paper and was waiting outside, the tech sergeant came up, grinned at me and said, "I think I could kiss you, but I think I won't." Instead, he just patted me on the back, like a football coach congratulating a player after a winning game.

We walked to where we had left our luggage.

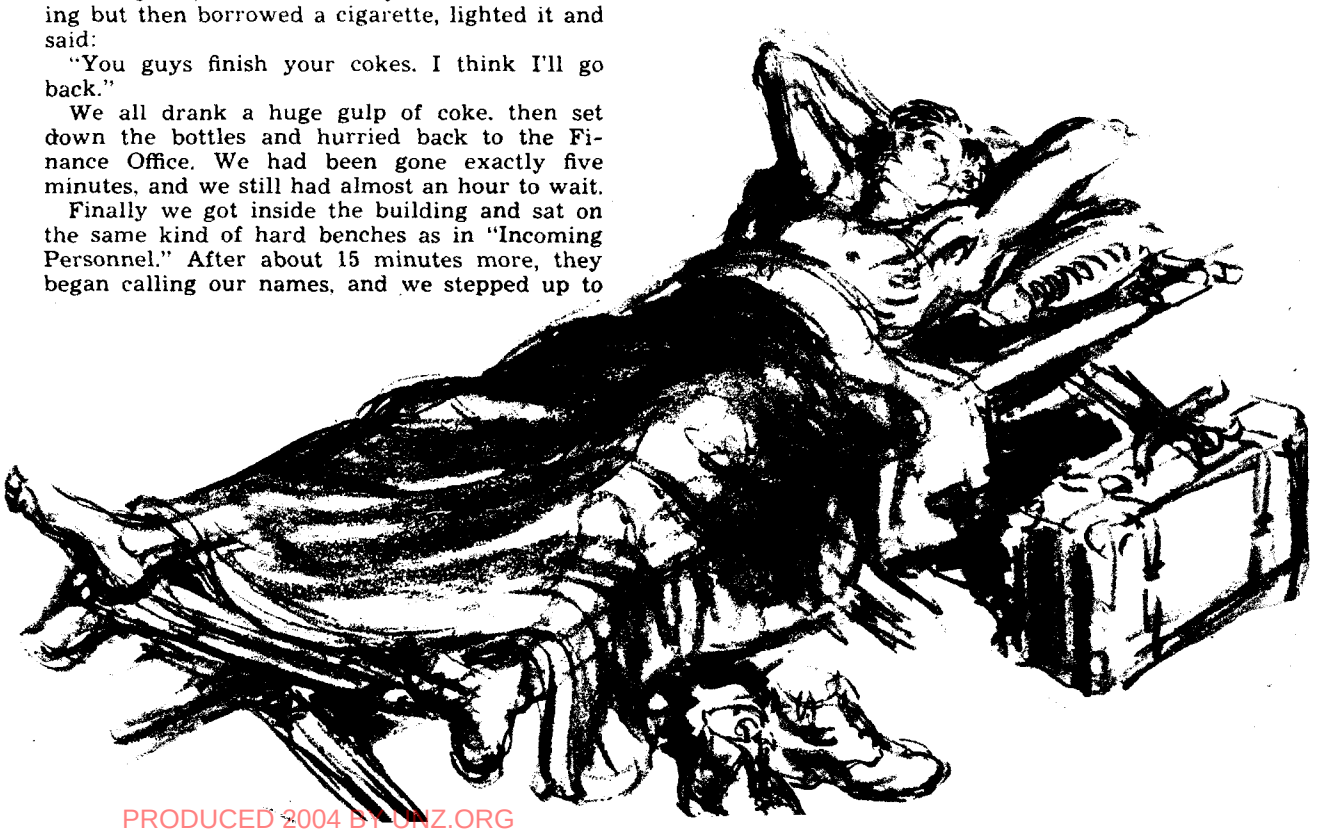
"I was planning to knock the block off that bastard captain we saw when we got here—" said the sergeant. Then he paused.

"—but I don't know why the hell I should bother," he concluded.

As we drove out of the gate a few minutes later, a bus load of men who were obviously potential dischargees was just coming in.

"Hiya, soldiers," I said, and waved. "Soldiers," I repeated.

None of them heard what I said, and it really didn't matter. After all, I was a civilian again.



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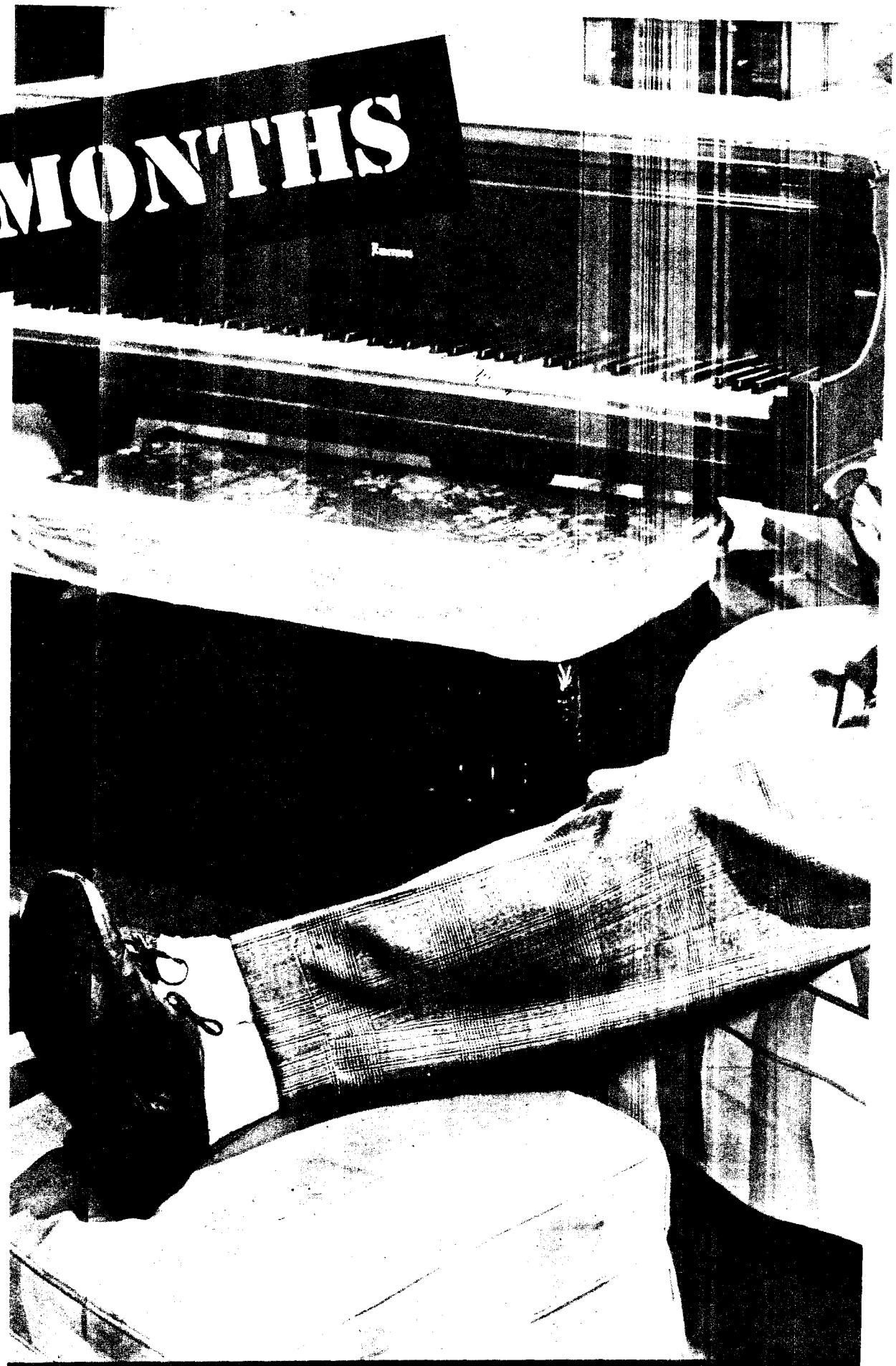
OUT SIX MONTHS

Two veterans separated last spring find that discharge papers aren't passports to every GI dream, but that civilian life still beats the Army every time.

By Sgt. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer



Former Pfc. Bill Schiffman turns the radiator up high and the radio low, then sits there feeling good as hell.

BACK when he was a pfc in France, Bill Schiffman used to dream about getting out of the Army and having an apartment of his own in New York City, with a fireplace and a black bearskin rug with a blonde cutie nestling on it. In this vision the blonde cutie would fetch steaks and house slippers and cigars and brandy to ex-Pfc. Schiffman, and she would look at him all wriggly-eyed, like he was the greatest and most explosive discovery since gun-powder.

It had to wait, of course, until Pfc. Schiffman got out of the Army, on account when a man got out of the Army there were all kinds of big jobs lying around. All a man had to do was to take a big job and become a wealthy playboy. The newspaper advertisements said so. Pfc. Schiffman couldn't think of anything nicer than being a GI Tommy Manville.

It was nice work, but Pfc. Schiffman didn't get it.

In the first place, he couldn't even get an apartment. He got out of the Army at Fort Dix, N. J., on June 28, 1945, and he is back living where he did before the war, with his parents and two sisters, at 28 Metropolitan Oval, in the Bronx, N. Y.

In case you haven't heard about it, there is a housing shortage in New York City and almost all other cities. There weren't any apartments that he could afford, and there weren't many blondes he could afford either. In both cases there were long waiting lists.

Not, mind you, that Bill is sorry he is out of the Army. He is so glad to be a civilian that sometimes he wakes up in the middle of the night and sits by the window chain-smoking, saying to himself: "I don't have to take any more crap from any sonuvabitch in the world."

For the first three weeks after he got out of the Army, Bill slept a lot, ate a lot and staged a couple of spirited running drunks with his cronies. But he got tired fast of playing the honky-tonk circuit.

"The prices are murder," he said, "and those joints are so full of phonies it makes a guy want to throw up."

After three weeks Bill, who is 25, got a job with the New York *Daily News* as a circulation inspector, which means that he is a trouble-shooter who sees that the papers reach the newsstands on schedule. He makes $40 a week. This is not the kind of money that enables him to go in for black bearskin rugs garnished with blondes, but he is paying his bills and having a good if not gaudy time.

It took about two months for Bill to realize that he actually was out of the Army. He kept being afraid that some officer would find him lolling around enjoying himself and start figuring out ways to make him miserable again.

When he saw an officer coming toward him down the street, Bill always put his hands in his pockets. He wasn't afraid of forgetting himself and saluting the officer, because he always had been an accomplished salute-dodger. Instead, Bill shoved his hands in his pocket as a means of convincing himself that he was his own boss again—that the days of having to swing his arms by his side were gone forever.

"That's a great thing just in itself," Bill said, "knowing that you can put your hands in your pockets any damn time you want to."

Also, he goes bareheaded a lot. He never liked wearing hats, and he always was sure he looked silly in an Army cap. In five years and two months in the Army he never learned to wear an overseas cap so that it didn't leave about four kilometers of hair sticking out the left side.

WHEN Bill gets up in the afternoon (he works nights), he takes 10 minutes selecting his clothes. This is one of the high points of the day for him.

"That's one of the great things that can happen to a guy," he says, "worrying about whether to wear a blue or a gray suit, and whether to put on a red tie or a green one. For some reason it makes a fellow feel independent as all hell."

He takes at least one and sometimes two or three hot showers a day. He thinks it is criminal letting hot water go to waste without washing in it. He thinks the people talking about another war should have to spend a couple of months washing and shaving out of a half-helmet of cold water.

He talked the Army into letting him wait to have some cavities in his teeth filled until he became a civilian. "It seemed pretty strange," he said, "going to the dentist and having the same dentist work on me from one day to another. This dentist even remembered my name. He called me Mister Schiffman—there was none of that 'sit down, soldier.' "

There were a couple of officers Bill always wanted to sock. He used to tell himself that if the time ever came when he met one of these officers on the street, he would walk up quiet-like and throw his Sunday punch.

The other day he met one of the officers. They

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passed each other, nodded and that was all there was to it.

"You know the guy is a bastard," says Bill, "but it isn't important enough any more to do anything about it. You figure the officer probably is having enough trouble, anyway, having to get used to his old job as a soda-jerk or a floor-walker in a 10-cent store."

Bill brought home some pictures he took at the Dachau concentration camp in Germany. Sometimes he shows these pictures to visitors at his home.

"The visitors look kind of hard at these pictures of people who have been starved and tortured," says Bill, "and they usually say something polite about how terrible it is and then they change the subject real fast. They start talking about how the price of lard went up two cents. People don't want to seem to know about bad things. I think it's probably too bad that pictures don't stink. If these people could smell those poor, rotting guys in the pictures, it might do some good."

After Bill went into the Army on April 17, 1940, as a member of the enlisted reserve, he took infantry basic at Fort Warren, Wyo. Then he was shipped to Alaska with a harbor-boat detachment. He went into the Air Cadets, washed out and became a radio operator with an Air Force ground crew. He was in the Sixth Tactical Air Communications Squadron in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

He liked only one thing about the Army: the guys he got to know.

EVEN so, he has lost touch with his old friends, most of whom also are out of the Army and scattered over the country. He has written to several of them, but hasn't received any answers.

Back in France, he used to think that he would spend a lot of time as a civilian bulling around with Army cronies. Instead he came back and started associating with the same friends he had before he went into the Army.

Most of these friends also were in the Army and are out on points or disability. Some of his friends, of course, are still in service. Others won't be coming back at all.

"We almost never talk about the Army," Bill says. "There weren't any of us heroes, and we would feel kind of foolish talking about our experiences. There is one guy who runs around with us who was a 4-F weighing about 110 pounds. Sometimes we kid him a little and call him Atlas, but he is just as much one of the gang as any of us. Not being in the Army doesn't make any difference."

Bill says that a man takes his life into his hands when he goes into a bar these days. There always is a man or two in every bar, he says, who is telling a story about how he was alone on a hill, cut off and surrounded.

"The bullets and the whisky are flying fast as hell," he says. "Some of these guys have been there and know what they're talking about. And there are lots of guys doing a lot of talking who haven't been there. The other day I heard a fellow telling two girls how he strangled one German and bayoneted another one. This guy was wearing only one ribbon, a Good Conduct medal. That guy will be better off if he leaves those girls alone, and puts that Good Conduct medal on his fly."

Now and then, maybe when he has just had a quick drink and a long meal, Bill gets to thinking about the good guys he has known and he thinks maybe the Army wasn't quite as bad as he always knew it was.

When those times come, Bill starts thinking real fast about the rain and the cold, the guff and the chicken, the marches and the mauling, the guys who won't be coming home and those fellows at Dachau with their ribs sticking out of sores on their sides, and Bill knows he is a lucky guy to have made it. He turns the radiator up high and the radio down low. He sits there and feels good as hell.

ormer Pfc. Maurice Elwood found civilian garb cured lots of things.

MAURICE ELWOOD is another discharged soldier who thinks, as Bill Schiffman does, that there isn't much wrong with a soldier that a pin-striped suit and a gray felt hat won't cure. Elwood is a 40-year-old, six-foot Irishman with a brogue that smacks of County Mayo. He was a rifleman with the 141st Infantry, 36th Division. He went into the Army in March 1942 and went to North Africa in April 1943. He fought in Africa, Tunisia and Italy. He was hit in the right leg by shell fragments outside Cassino in October 1944 and finally got a CDD last April. He was a pfc.

Elwood is a maintenance pipe-fitter on the Interborough Rapid Transit lines in New York City. He belongs to the Transport Workers' Union, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Catholic War Veterans. He makes $51 a week. He isn't married.

Elwood (he says he doesn't know how he ever got a name like Maurice) thinks it is easier to talk with soldiers, or former soldiers, than it is to talk with people who never have been in the Army.

"Civilians ask such funny damn questions," he says. "They kind of want to handle you with care, like maybe they'll say the wrong thing. Now and then one of 'em will say something pretty silly. Like a friend who asked me the other day if I wouldn't like to take a vacation in the mountains. Mountains, this friend says. Look, after Italy, I'm going to leave mountains strictly to mountain goats and damned fool tourists who think they're mountain goats."

Elwood is a little worried about the talk that soldiers are angry at unions. He prides himself on being a good union man. The union won a 20-cents-an-hour raise for him while he was gone. He thinks the unions did a great job keeping up wage and hour standards while the war was on.

"I don't think the soldiers have heard both sides of the story," he says. "The union side doesn't get printed much. I'm not defending everything that all of the unions have done. But I think, all in all, the unions have done a good job. I think it would be the worst possible thing that could happen to the United States if the veterans and the unions squared off against each other."

Elwood says being home is great, but nothing is as good as a fellow thinks it is going to be, if he thinks about it too much.

"I used to think I was going to eat about five meals a day, once I got home," he says. "Hell, I can't do it. I dunno, maybe a fellow gets out of the habit of eating a lot. I used to dream about eating all kinds of steak and dessert. It's hard on a fellow to realize he can't eat as much as he used to think he could. It's downright humiliatin'."

Elwood believes that Franklin Roosevelt was one of the greatest men who ever lived; that President Truman is doing a good job; that there should be compulsory military training so that the Army discharge rate can be stepped up, and that guys who served together in the Army should keep on being friends after they leave the Army.

But he has just about quit asking what happened to old friends of his in the 36th Division. Too many of them are dead. It was a long road from the desert to the mountains past Rome, and the 36th went all the way.

Elwood doesn't talk about the war. He likes for things to be quiet. He figures that he did enough fighting overseas to last him for a long time. Only once in a while does he get a trifle ruffled.

The other day he went into a candy store. The saleslady looked at him and snapped:

"How is it that a big hulking man like you can stay out of uniform when my little boy had to go overseas last month?"

Elwood rubbed his chin and did a slow burn. He figured it would not be worth it to choke her with her own chocolates.

"I dunno, lady," he said, "some of us Irish are just born lucky."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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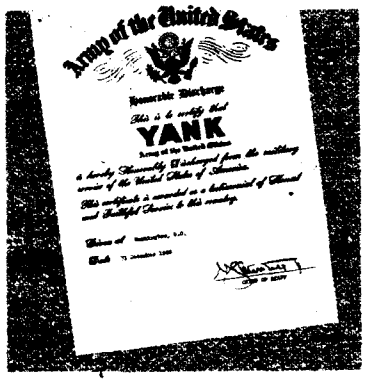


This Week's Cover

is YANK's last cover. It needs no explanation. So long and good luck.

PHOTO CREDITS: 4 & 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 6—Top, Sgt. Ben Schnall; bottom, Sgt. John Frano. 7—Sgt. Aarons. 8—Sgt. DeWitt Gilpin. 10—Sgt. George Burns. 12—Columbia Pictures, 20th Century-Fox, MGM, Michael Levelle, Samuel Goldwyn Pictures, Ewing Krainin, Universal Pictures, Warner Bros., Walter Thornton, Robert Bagby, Horst, Hurrell, Arthur Macaulay, Monogram Pictures. 15—Acme. 18 & 19—Cpl. Brown Roberts.

Mail Call

Lest We Forget

Dear YANK:

Not so many months after they returned from the last war, many of our fathers and older brothers and friends had already forgotten the mud, the trenches and the fatigue, the blood and the fear of battle. They could remember only the camaraderie.

Our fathers forgot the hellish symphony of shells, but the music of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" stuck in their minds.

In a vague sort of way, the veterans of World War I realized that they had lost something besides time, in the years they'd been in the Army—and that they'd earned more than the mere plaudits of crowds watching them parade. But most of them, those who were comparatively healthy at least, totted it up in terms of wealth. And when they asked to be reimbursed, the vast majority asked for money.

They got their bonus, but in a sense they lost their war. And when, with the advent of World War II, they realized that their own war had been lost, they never realized that they had had a large share in losing it.

The veterans of this war will not, of course, forget the camaraderie any more than did the veterans of the last. The men who fought in World War II will get together, as their fathers did, to shoot the bull about times past, about India, Sicily, Iran, Normandy, Guadalcanal, Okinawa or wherever.

Although they have no common song the equal of "Mademoiselle" to sing, they'll have their ditties and they'll sing them. Some of them will get roaring drunk. And there's nothing wrong with that.

But there is a dreadful danger that these meetings will degenerate into nothing more than this—that the average veteran of this war, like the average veteran of the last, will let others plan his veterans' program—if any—for him. There's a terrible possibility that all of us will *forget*. Not that we'll forget merely the agony of battle or even the constant, minor humiliations of an EM's garrison life—for these things it's probably best for us at least partially to forget if we are ever to become useful citizens again. The great danger is that we'll forget the reasons *why* we fought the war.

We must not forget that we fought, if only indirectly and sometimes unconsciously, for the right of peaceful people to live out their lives in pursuit of greater liberty and happiness; against tyranny which would subjugate not only *our* minds and bodies but those of the whole human race; against fear—the fear of death and the other forms of fear that eat away the mind.

We must not forget that we fought as the free citizens of a democracy, although the Army sometimes failed to allow us to realize it; and that unless we continue that fight for freedom and democracy now and in the future, with the physical battle won, the struggle for which so many of our friends gave their lives will be tragically lost.

Lest we forget all this, I suggest that each man readying himself for the return to civilian life plan a program for himself, a kind of set of resolutions that he can refer to from time to time in the months after he becomes a civilian again. It should be a program that he and his fellow veterans can demand of America in place of, or at least in addition to, any specific individual benefits. It should be a program that will make veterans as a group a potent and meaningful force in America's future.

I don't pretend that my program is complete. But I believe each point in it is important and one that every veteran should be able to—and should—subscribe to. My program would run something like this:

1) The men who fought and died for America were of many races and religions. Negro and Nisei, Catholic, Protestant and Jew all fought valiantly together. You might say, if the Constitution didn't already stress it, that this alone earned them the right to recognition as equals. Let's see that they get it.

2) In the Army we were thrown together with people from all walks of life, farmer and union laborer, small manufacturer and professional man. We learned that most of the men we worked with were not malingerers, and that men who are can come from any group. We learned to respect the other fellow's point of view, to accept what he said, even when we disagreed, as his honest opinion. So even when we disagree with, say, the union man when he goes out on strike, let's realize that he's doing it from honest conviction—and maybe real need. Let's recognize our fellow citizens' right to security and a living wage.

3) We were all fed up with the bull that was thrown at us in the Army, too often, about little things—the importance of saluting, for example—and the big things involved in the war. They only reflected, as we realized, confusion back home—confusion, ineptitude and politics in the Army and, even more, in Congress. More and more of us came to think that much of the bull that is slung in the Army, and on the floor of Congress as well, is the result of corrupt, unthinking political rule—corrupt not in the sense of grafting but in the sense of being in office merely for personal advantage, for what can be gotten out of it. Let's not stand for old-line politics. Let's get into politics ourselves—get in at the bottom, in cities, in the districts of cities. You can't build at the top without rebuilding the rotten underpinnings. Let's demand political straightforwardness.

4) Last of all, let's fight to democratize the Army and follow the fight through logically. Almost all of us will join veterans' organizations. Let's not forget what we learned in the Army about the lack of democracy we all found so galling. Our organizations can fight for a change. But they should do more. Let's not allow our organizations to degenerate into mere drinking and singing societies. Let's have them lead the fight for the democratic spirit throughout the U. S. and the world.

Let's demand these things, when we ask for reimbursement, as veterans, for what we've lost—and for winning what we've won—and make our tentative victory a certain one.

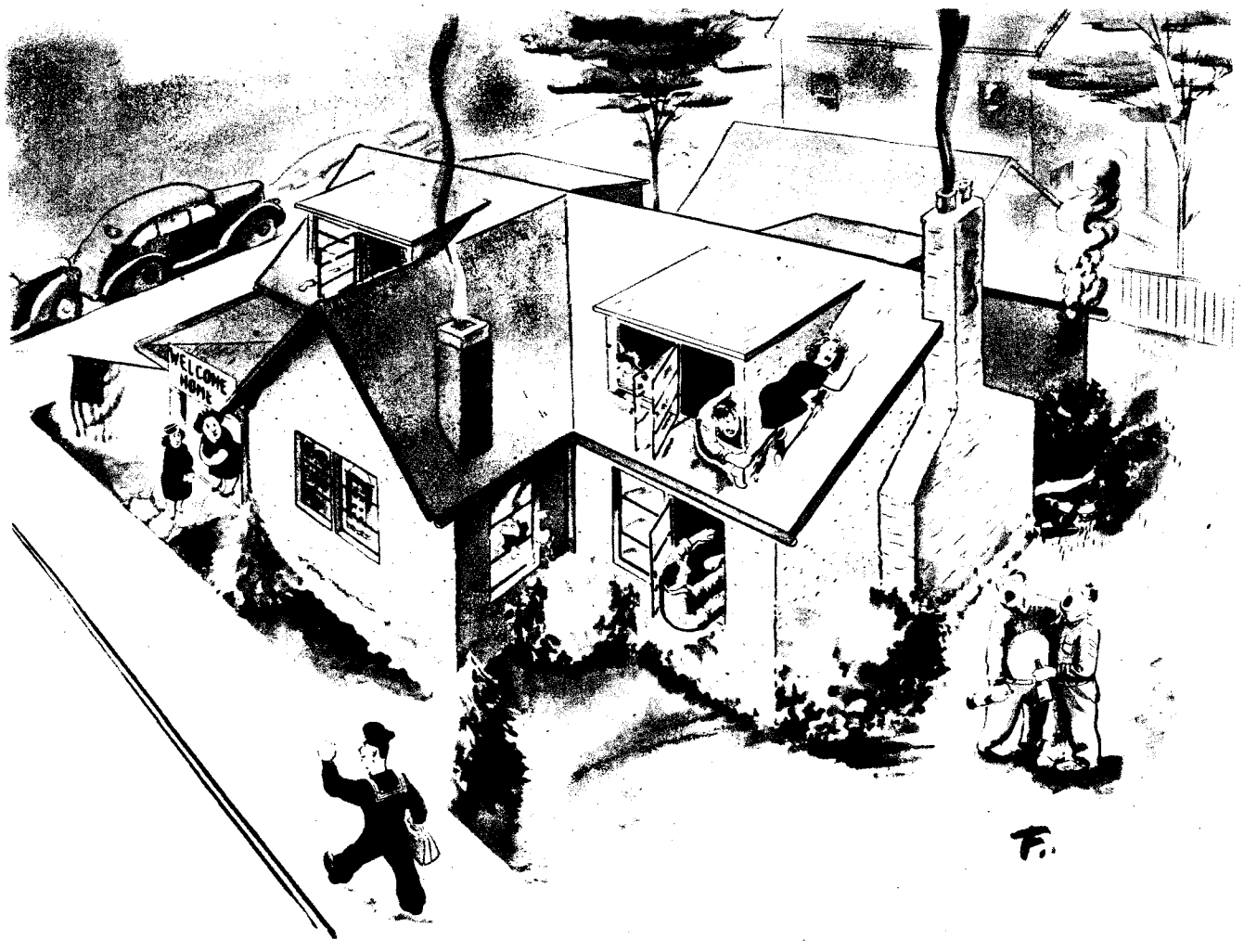
Korea Cpl. ACKERMAN J. MICHAELS

Just Beginning

Dear YANK:

The worst has happened. No longer are the EM one big happy family. We have been divided into two categories—low-pointers and high-pointers. At this repple depple, we low-pointers are looked on as so much dirt. Those with high points remain aloof and don't want anything to do with us.

I know a lot of points have been built up by men having families and battle stars (both the easy way and the line way) and for meritorious-service Bronze



"Oh, Lord, here comes another one!"

—Sgt. Tom Flannery

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war medals. But what the hell, whether we were low—we were all got in our reserve places to help win the war. Some were fortunate and others got the so-called raw deal.

What I would like to see is more consideration for low-point men. After all, our sweating is just beginning. We are the ones left over here to finish the occupation job. You high-pointers had our sympathy and applause while we were training in the States. What say we turn the tables now? Let's not have a two-way split like the officers; you know—second lieutenants and officers.

Italy —(Name Withheld)

Atomic Secrets

Dear YANK:

I disagree with these learned professors who say we should share the secret of the atomic bomb with other nations.

I remember how not long ago we were selling scrap iron to Japan, only to have it used against our own boys. The atomic bomb is such a terrible weapon of war that it would be a disaster if it got into the wrong hands.

Who holds the atomic bomb holds the destiny of the world, and while I have full confidence in all Allied nations, I think they should in return have sufficient confidence in us to let the U. S. keep the secret of the bomb.

Italy —Pfc. FLAVIUS MORRIS

Dear YANK:

It seems to me that the surest way to bring peace is to give the secret of the atomic bomb to all nations, except, of course, Germany and Japan.

This bomb is so deadly that no country would ever dare to declare war if it knew the other countries were also equipped with atomic bombs. In other words, a nation would be afraid to declare war, knowing the horrible results both sides would suffer.

If we don't share the secret of the bomb, each nation will start a race to develop a super-atomic bomb, with the result that the country that does make such a bomb could rule the world. If all countries had the bomb, no one country would ever be all-powerful.

Italy —Cpl. HARRIS COBURN

Broken Promises

Dear YANK:

Both President Truman and the War Department are advocating the enlistment of enlisted men in the Enlisted Reserve Corps upon discharge from active duty. However, if the campaign to enlist men in the ERC is to succeed, certain discrepancies must be cleared up. Possibly President Truman is unaware of the poor reputation enjoyed by the ERC, but the WD cannot be unaware of the bad feeling that it has stirred up because of its handling of ERC men.

During 1942, a very active bid was made to get enlistments for the ERC. The Army appealed particularly to college students and advertised the ERC as something comparable to the Navy's V-1, V-7 and V-12 programs. ERC men were not to be called to active duty "until exigencies of the service demanded it," were to be given their choice of arm or service and were to be given first opportunity of acceptance for OCS.

As the program was administered, 200,000 men were disappointed and disillusioned with the Army. As soon as enlistments in the ERC were closed, the WD began to announce that ERC men would be called to duty any day. Upon call to active duty, over 90 percent of the men were assigned to IRTC and upon completion of basic were assigned to units alerted for overseas shipment. The WD completely ignored its promises to those men as soon as they had been sworn into the Army. What made the situation worse was that the comparable Navy programs were carried through as they had been represented, and many in the Army felt they had enlisted in the wrong service.

Now the WD is resurrecting the ERC. The promises this time—that men enlisting in the ERC will retain rank held at time of release from active duty, will have opportunity for promotion to higher enlisted grades and in the case of qualified personnel to commissioned grade, etc., etc., etc.—sound good, as did the promises of 1942. Too bad it's impossible to believe them.

—(Name Withheld)

Vaughan Gen. Hosp., Hines, Ill.

Wasted Money

Dear YANK:

Practically every man in this Army has witnessed incidents where the armed forces have squandered public funds to no end. One of the more outstanding examples of such squandering is the magnificent naval officers' club constructed on New Caledonia. [illegible] else was constructed [illegible] out of Quonset-type [illegible] which were originally [illegible] warehouses.

The Army also contributed a monument to the taxpayers' money on New Caledonia. They built a junior Pentagon Building for Army Headquarters which will probably be inherited by the French Government. This building was not needed and was uncalled for, because the Headquarters was previously adequately quartered during the period when the South Pacific was a combat theater. This was constructed in the latter part of 1944 after the South Pacific was known as an inactive theater of operations. We were told that the building, which was tremendous and luxurious for an Army headquarters, was constructed from materials found in depot stock which would have otherwise gone to waste.

If this material was going to waste, someone was responsible, and it is hard to believe that such items as mohair rugs, venetian blinds and flush-type toilets could be found in an overseas depot. It is possible that such antics as those above were carried out on other islands in the Pacific, but I feel there is no room for complaints if the islands were to remain U. S. property after the war.

I say, let the public in on some of the deals they faithfully financed with their war bonds.

Philippines —(Name Withheld)

Last Issue

Dear YANK:

I read recently that YANK is scheduled to cease publication in December, and I can only say what a shame. You probably will never fully know how much YANK has meant to millions of soldiers, even less of the great esteem in which you are held by officers, especially ex-GIs, so-called 90-day wonders. We particularly have always turned to YANK (almost surreptitiously at times) for damned fine news reporting and amusing features. Re the latter, the more satirical, the better. And we always felt a sort of secret nostalgic pride in being able to share in the life and living of those from whom we had been arbitrarily isolated by "an act of Congress."

You, YANK, and those of whom you wrote are the real gentlemen of this war. I, for one of many, am truly sorry to see you demobilized, yet equally glad that you can be.

—1st Lt. RICHARD S. BALL

Camp Edwards, Mass.

Labor and Vets

Dear YANK:

For the last 45 months I've listened to Orientation officers and I & E officers tell us how important a job labor did in getting out the war materials and equipment that made us certain of winning the war. And the Army, through its official handouts and statements from the big brass, went out of the way to praise the production on the home front. Well, that made sense to me then and it does now.

But since I've been home from Italy all I read about in the papers is how labor strikes tied up ships that might have been used to bring back the boys from overseas, and in general how much a bunch of dangerous radicals all strikers are. The general effect, if not the purpose, of such articles, seems to be to drive a wedge between labor and the returning veteran, something we've been trying to prevent throughout the war.

Now I'm no authority on labor strikes and I'm not always in a position to know what the issues in a particular strike may be, but I have a suspicion that we're certainly not getting all the facts from many of the newspapers we read. It may be true that the striking longshoremen in New York did hold up GIs returning from Europe, and I agree it's a damn shame. However, it might be a good idea for us GIs to think twice before we go off half cocked on condemning strikers, at least until we make a serious attempt to understand what all these strikes are about. When you get down to it, the problems of labor will be the problems of the great majority of returning servicemen. We're all in the same boat, and the conditions that affect them will affect the GI tomorrow.

So let's be careful that we don't make ourselves a bunch of suckers for a lot of people who would be tickled to death to create an artificial wedge between the returning servicemen and organized labor.

—T/Sgt. SIMEON BRAGUIN

Camp Stewart, Ga.

Lousy Lovers?

[illegible] are in the mood for passing a few comments on the following clipping from a London paper:

GIs HAVE LOST THE ART OF LOVE

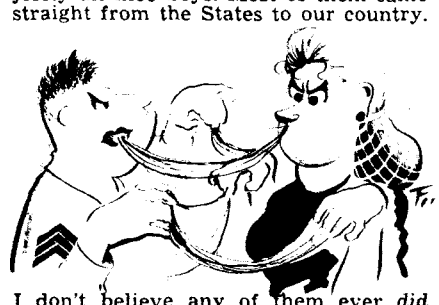
American soldiers are losing the art of love, says an anonymous letter from an American Army nurse to the U. S. Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*.

It is because they have had it so easily in Europe with chewing gum and candy bars.

"No wonder we prefer French and British Army personnel who are more subtle," she remarks.

The letter ended with a warning that when the soldiers get back to the States, they were not going to get the first maid with their candy and chewing gum, because that is about all they have left.—Reuter.

I have known many Yanks, the majority all nice boys. Most of them came straight from the States to our country.



I don't believe any of them ever *did* have the art of love-making. I was under the impression that the Americans were great lovers; *they* certainly think they are. But, blimey, they don't know the first thing about love-making.

Incidentally, sincere Yanks and girls here always saw that the kiddies in the street had the candy and gum. Of course, some of our girls were affable when courted with gum, but they are no different than the gold diggers in every country. I suppose the States do have such girls?

So, nurse, I think you are wrong. In fact, the love-making of the Yanks has always left me wondering what American women are like to put up with such poor technique!

Of course, there are always the exceptions, and anyhow, boys, you've been grand company.

Britain —LEE GLITHRO

Military Justice

Dear YANK:

Recent public attacks on the Army courts-martial system have brought into focus a situation which has been in need of corrective action for some time. The appointment of a civilian board of review constitutes a step in the proper direction, but it only catches errors after commission. A possible amendment, much closer to the source and one which would serve to eliminate rather than note discrepancies, has apparently been overlooked, to wit: the discontinuance of the practice of indiscriminately selecting officers to serve as members of the court who lack proper dignity, judicial temperament, training, experience, adaptable backgrounds and an understanding of the fundamentals of military law.

Under the provisions of Article of War 19, courts-martial cases are required to be determined "according to the evidence"—that is, solely on the basis of matters introduced before the court at the trial, and on the basis of the facts of which the court may, under the provisions of the Manual for Courts-Martial, take judicial notice.

Yet, chosen from the organization to which an accused is assigned, through pre-trial discussion, from personal knowledge of the offense and the accused, their belief as to the existence of local regulations, which, in fact, may not be in force, these officers usually, unintentionally but humanly, form a definite opinion as to the accused's innocence or guilt.

Often they come to court without having read the Manual for Courts-Martial in an endeavor to correct their deficiencies and to see that justice is properly administered, thereby rendering themselves incompetent to serve as members of a courts-martial board. It is conceivable that they do not have time to ferret out the principles of military justice; but, whatever the reason, it cannot justify the fact that as a result of their misconceptions and ignorance of the rules they materially injure the rights of an accused by basing decisions on personal knowledge, what may be no more than rumor, or someone else's opinion.

The [illegible] which, so apparently [illegible] impartiality, could be effectually remedied and the rights of an accused substantially protected, if a system corresponding to the following general outline could be established:

1) The designation of the Judge Advocate General's Department as a separate arm or service.

2) The founding of a School of Military Justice to which qualified candidates could be detailed as has been done with other branches of OCS, said school to be operated under the supervision of the aforementioned arm or service.

3) The inclusion in each T/O of at least one commissioned graduate of the School of Military Justice.

4) The establishment of a Judicial-Administrative School for enlisted men which would teach the fundamentals of military law and the proper procedure for the preparation of legal records.

5) The inclusion in each T/O of a minimum of one graduate of the Judicial-Administrative School whose duty would be to assist the Military Justice Officer.

India —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

Yesterday we received two simultaneous announcements of courts-martial proceedings and their findings. One case involved an officer who was caught red-handed trying to steal Quartermaster rations. When apprehended by the guard, he offered him a bribe (whisky and a wrist watch). The officer was found guilty on several counts and given a $100 fine and reprimanded by the commanding general.

The other case involved a private who misconducted himself while drunk, offering no violence, but simply acting boisterous. This private received a six-month sentence at hard labor, in addition to other penalties.

I, as well as most of us, donned the uniform of our country to fight for various reasons. Is it small wonder then that we've come to hate the very instrument that was supposed to have established the four freedoms all over the earth?

Things of that nature will never be erased from our memories, and they serve to make us lose faith in the great ideals that we have just fought for.

Britain —(Name Withheld)

More Chicken

Dear YANK:

If you think that cutting grass with bayonets is bad, what do you think of moving the great Mohave Desert with shovels and brooms? That is exactly the situation that exists here at Muroc.

Having nothing better for the crews (all back from the Twentieth Air Force for lead-crew training) to do, the administrative officers decided that all enlisted men and one officer from each crew should spend time sweeping and shoveling the ever-shifting sand from the streets and squadron area.

We don't doubt the fact that this work is very effective, but that effect is short-lived, for after about five minutes a strong wind replenishes the layers of sand in the squadron area from the never-ending supply of the Mohave.

Muroc AAF, Calif. —(Four Names Withheld)

Dear YANK:

This morning our company again formed for morning exercises. The exercises were again an example of the additional humiliation that is being heaped upon us before discharge.

We were assigned a partner. Told to put our right hand around his neck. He did likewise. The order was tramp on your opponent's feet or he on yours. A despotic order. Failure to comply with same would bring you additional humiliation in front of the entire company, as I was soon to find out. The second exercise was completed by placing heads against each other's shoulders, pushing forward, punching your opponent in the stomach.

The third routine was accomplished by placing the right hand on the opponent's neck while the left hand was placed against the opponent's right. The order was to wrestle until one man fell. As I didn't (get this chicken) "put enough into it," I was ordered to give a demonstration by our company commander (former West Point lad). The company witnessed same in silence while the officers watched laughing, as they had previously while the other boys pummeled themselves for fear of the consequences.

This is an example of what returning vets are going through before the great day when our points total discharge.

Camp Carson, Colo. —(Name Withheld)

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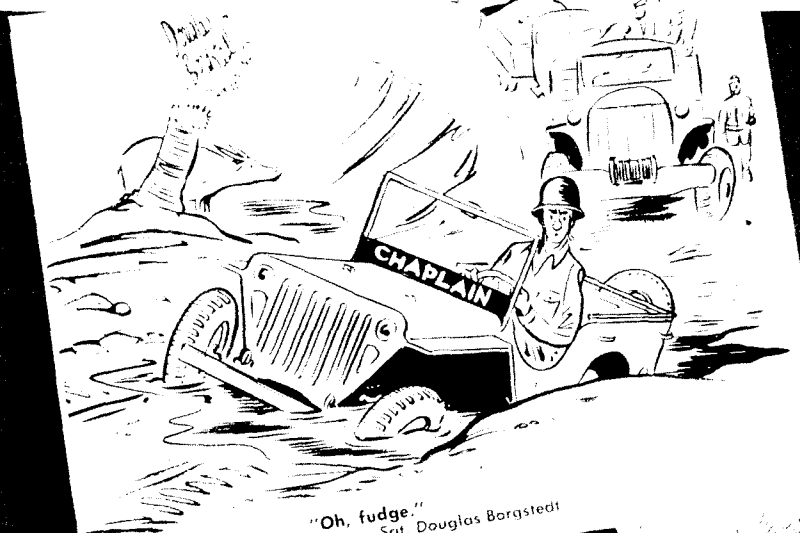


"Oh, fudge."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

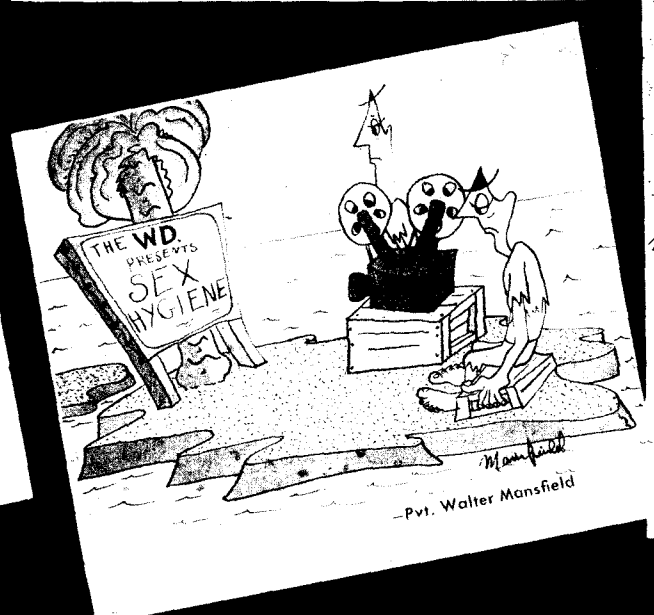
"He's what is known as an enlisted man."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"Don't be silly, darling. They'll adore you!"
—Pfc. Joe Kramer

"—In short, the paper shortage at this station may be termed critical."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson

"Frankly, fellows, I need the extra dough."
—Cpl. Hugh Kennedy

"Excellent wine, Captain. Put this place off-limits at once."
—Cpl. Irwin Touster



—Pvt. Walter Mansfield

"I've been restricted to quarters agai
—Pvt. Art K

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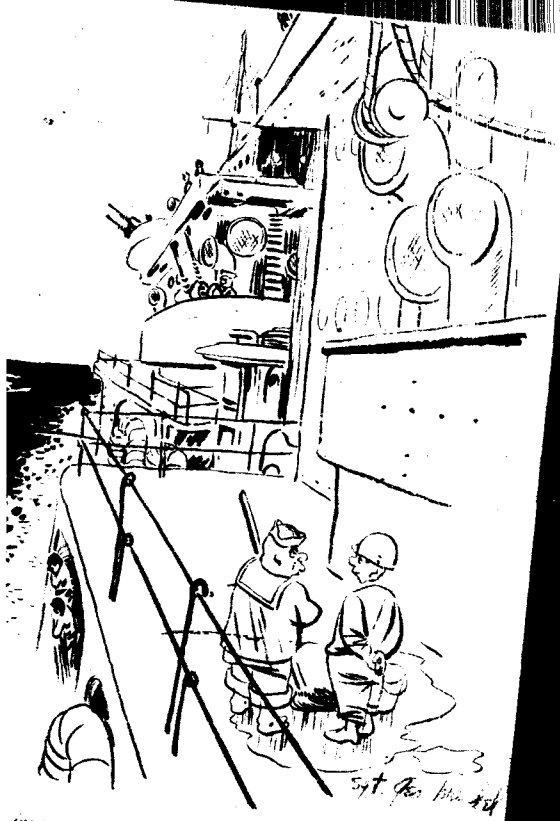


"Who's runnin' this ship, anyhow? . . . You or me?"
—Sgt. George Mandel

"Is that you, Master Sergeant O'Leary?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

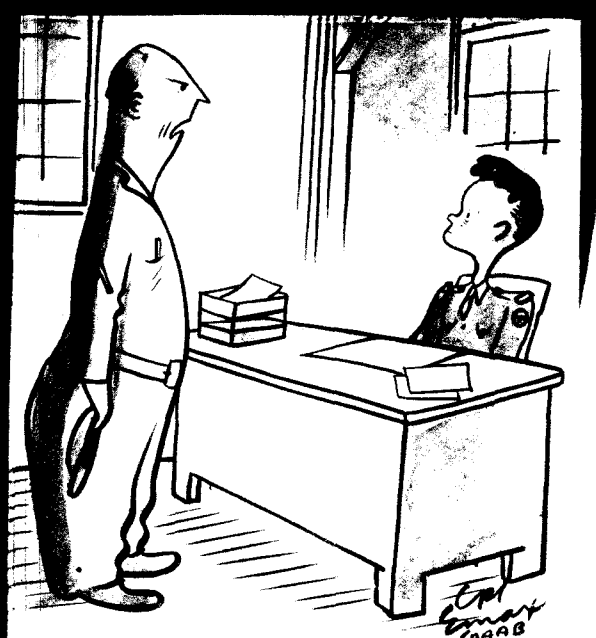
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

uppose you know you're out of uni- . . ."
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

"He's not much good, but he rattles the other pitcher."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

"They call him Radar. He'll pick up anything."
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

—Sgt. Bill Mauldin



"I need fatherly advice, sir."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"Merry Christmas. You're on KP."
—Sgt. Jack Ruge

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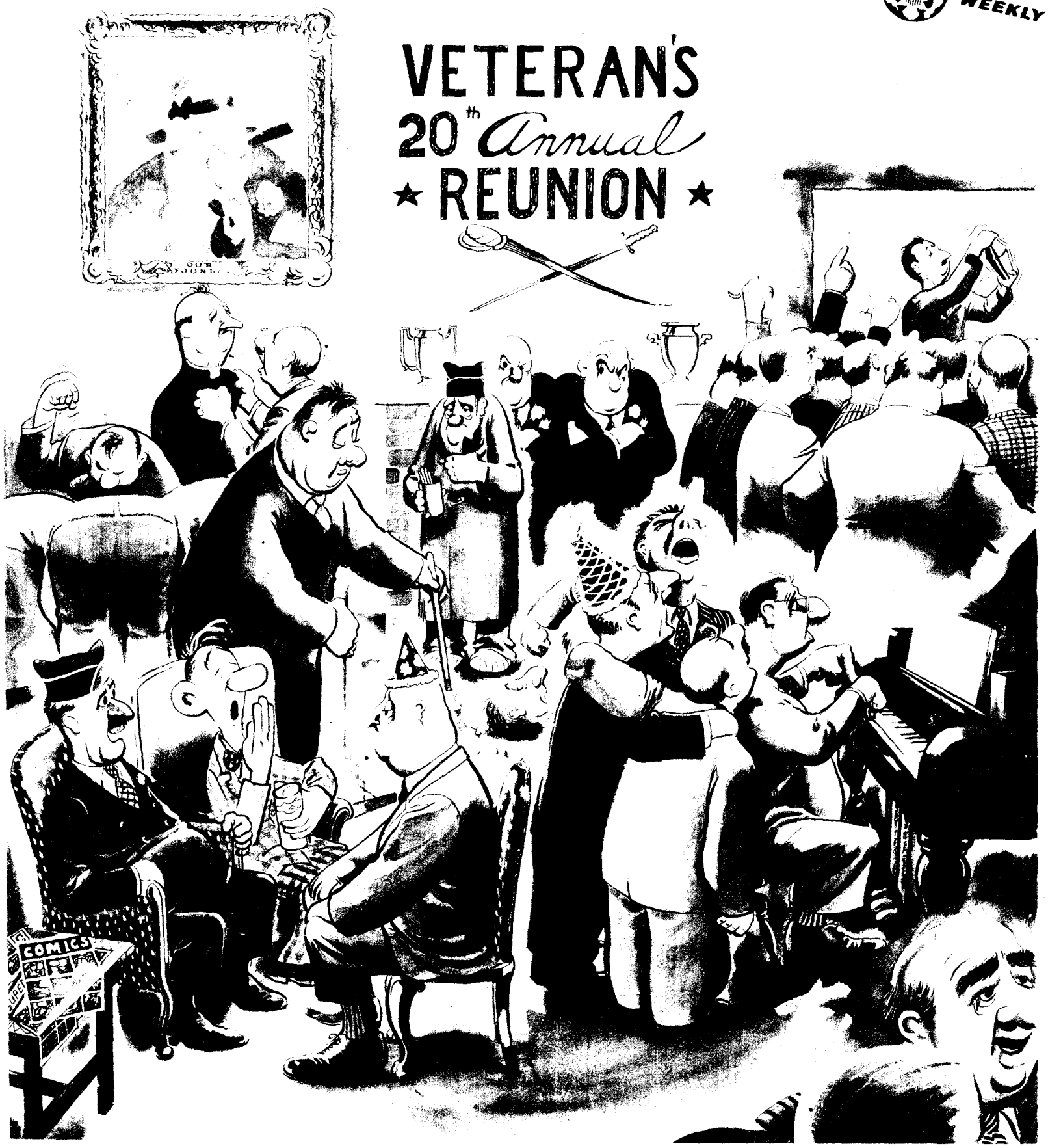
VETERAN'S 20th Annual ★ REUNION ★



". . . So I said to the general, 'The way I figure it is, they'll try to strike on our left flank, and if I were you, sir'—I still called him sir, understand, because I was as yet a pfc—'if I were you, sir, I'd pull the heavy-weapons company around there.' Well, to make a long story short, that's how we managed to close the gap. Mind you, you won't find it in the history books, but it was no coincidence that I made corporal the next week. There was some talk about a Congressional Medal, but about that time I was shacking with a little number the colonel in charge of the motor pool had his eye on. One night he comes around to her place early, and I don't take off in time because I don't hear him coming. Well, to make a long story short, that's how I got busted to private. I never told you, did I, about the time Ike inspected our outfit and there I was in the front rank? Well, he comes up just in time, because I had the germ of an idea kicking around in my head and I couldn't get next to our own CO, on account of prejudice against me from some of the junior officers, so I caught Ike's eye as he was passing down the line, and I said, 'General, the way I see it is . . .' "

—Sgt. Tom Flannery and Sgt. Al Hine

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